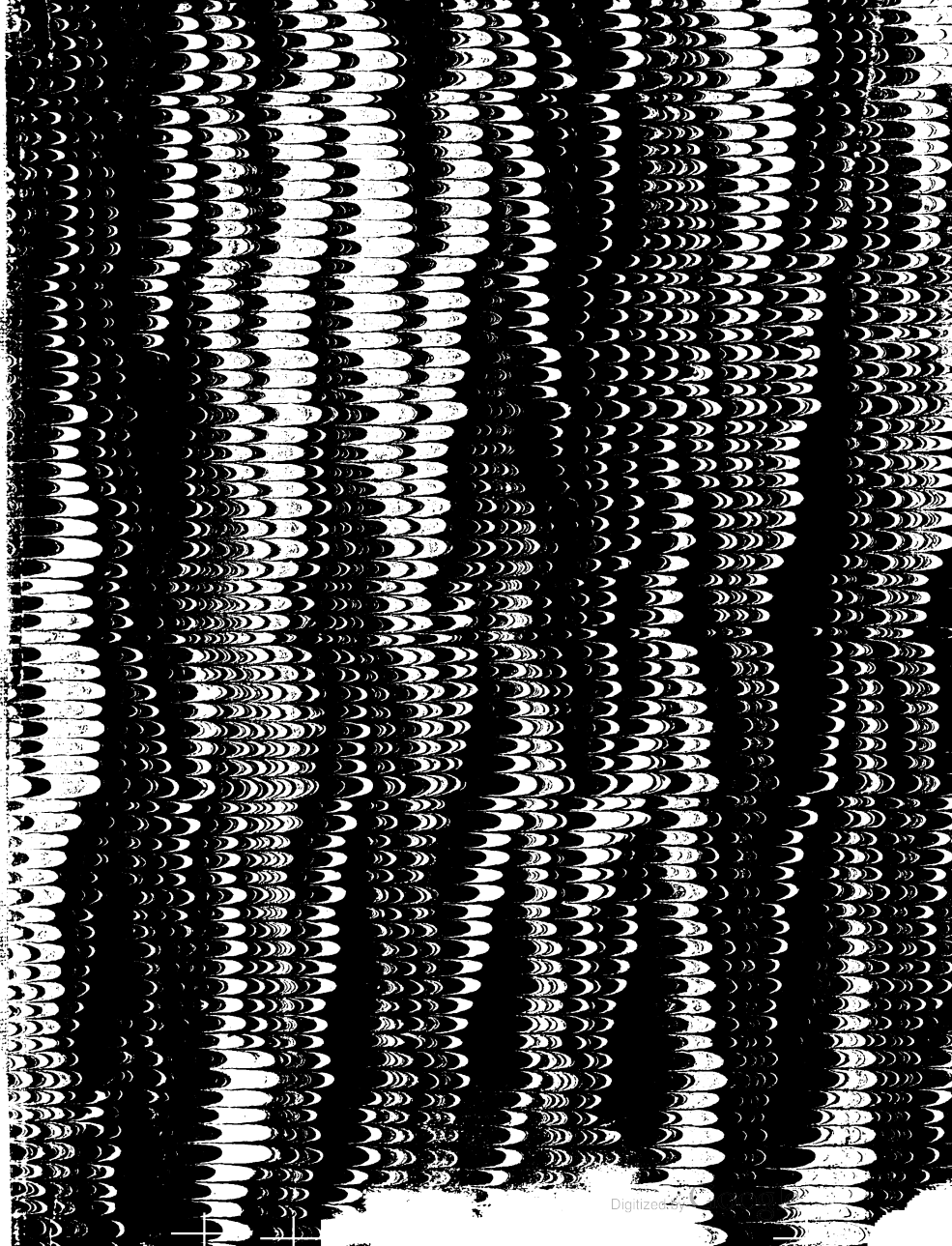




Tho^o. Holley Esq. J. S. A.



226

to Mr. [unclear]

Mr. [unclear]

~~H. 26. d. 36~~

C. 57. i. 44



HERO AND LEANDER:

Begun by CHRISTOPHER MARLOE,
and finished by GEORGE
CHAPMAN.

Vt Nectar, Ingenium.



LONDON,

Printed by A. M. for Richard Hawkins: and are to
bee sold at his Shop in Chancerie-Lane,
necre Sericants Inne.

1629.

THE
STANDARD
OF
PAPER

46

12 1/2
GEORGE



LONDON

Printed by A. M. for R. and H. and are to
be had of his Stationers-Lane

and Stationers

1832



TO THE RIGHT
VVORSHIPFUL, SIR
THOMAS WALSINGHAM
KNIGHT.

SIR, we thinke our selues discharged of
the duty wee owe to our friend, when
wee haue brought the breathelesse body
to the earth: for albeit the eye there
taketh his euer farewell of that beloued
object, yet the impression of the man,
that hath bene deare vnto vs, liuing an after life in
our memory, there putteth vs in minde of other obsequies
due vnto the deceased: And namely, of the performance
of whatsoever we may iudge shall make to his liuing cre-
dit, and to the effecting of his determinations preuented by
the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intel-
lectuall will) I suppose my selfe Executor to the unhappy
deceased Author of this Poem, vpon whom, knowing in
his life time you bestowed many kinde fauours, entertaining
the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

With good countenance and liberall affection, I cannot but see so farre into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his braine should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take, might bee the gentle ayre of your liking: for since his selfe had beene accustomed thereto, it would prove more agreeable and thriving to his right children, then any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time, seeing that this unfinished Tragedy happens vnder my hands to be imprinted, of adouble duty, the one to your selfe, the other to the deceased: I present the same to your most fauourable allowance, offering my vtmost selfe now and euer to be ready at your Worships disposing.

E. B.



HERO and LEANDER.

The Argument of the first

SESTYAD.

*Heroes description, and her Loue,
The Phare of Venus, where he moues
His worthy Loue-sute, and attaines;
Whose blisse, the wrath of Fates restraines:
For Cupids grace to Mercury,
Which Tale, the Author doth imply.*

IN Hellespont guilty of true Loues blood,
In view and opposit two Cities stood,
Seaborderers, disioyn'd by Neptunes might;
The one *Abidos*, th'other *Sestos* highr.
At *Sestos* *Hero* dwelt, *Hero* the faire.
Whom young *Apollo* courted for her haire,
And offered as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze vpon.
The outside of her garments were of Lawne,
The lining, purple silke, with guilt starres drawne,
Her vvide sleeues greene, and bordred with a groue;
VWhere *Venus* in her naked glory stroue,
To please the carelesse and disdainfull eyes
Of proud *Adonis* that before her lyes:
Her kirtle blue, vwhereon was many a staind,

Hero and Leander.

Vpon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her vaile reacht to the ground beneath.
Her vaile was artificiall flowers and leaues,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceiues.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
when 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast.
And there for hony, Bees haue sought in vaine,
And beat from thence, haue lighted there againe.
About her necke hung chaines of peble stone,
Which lightned by her neck, like Diamonds shone.
She ware no gloues, for neither Sunne nor wind,
Would burne or parch her hands, but to her mind,
Or warme or coole them: for they tooke delight
To play vpon those hands, they were so white?
Buskins of shels all siluered, vted shee,
And brancht with blushing Corall to the knee,
Where Sparowes pearch't, of hollow pearle & gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water off her hand maid flis,
Which as she went would cherup through the bils.
Some say, for her the fairest *Cupid* pin'd;
And looking in her face, was stricken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagin'd *Hero* was his mother:
And oftentimes into her bosome flew,
About her naked necke his bare armes threw,
And laid his childish head vpon her brest,

Hero and Leander.

And with still panting rocke, there tooke his rest.
So louely faire was *Hero*, *Venus* Nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was vndone,
Because she tooke more from her then she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft;
Therefore in signe her treasure suffered wracke,
Since *Heroes* time, hath halfe the world been blacke.
Amorous *Leander*, beautifull and young,
(Whose Tragedie diuine *Musaeus* sung)
Dwelt at *Abydos*, since him dwelt there none,
For whom, succeeding times may greater mone.
His dandling tresses that were neuer shorne,
Had they been cut, and vnto *Colchos* borne,
Would haue allur'd the ventrous youth of *Greece*,
To hazzard more then for the goulden fleece.
Faire *Cynthia* wisht his armes might be her sphere:
Griefe makes her pale, because she moues not there.
His body was as strait as *Circes* wand,
Ioue might haue sipt out *Nectar* from his hand:
Euen as delicious meat is to the taste
So was his necke in touching, and surpast
The white of *Pelops* shoulder: I could tell yee.
How smooth his brest was, & how white his belly,
And whose immortall fingers did imprint
That heavenly path, with many a curious dint,
That runs along his backe; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the louses of men.

Hero and Leander.

Much lesse of powerfull gods, let it suffice,
That my slacke Muse must sing of *Leanders* eyes.
These orient cheekes and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kisse
Of his owne shadow, and despising many,
Dyed ere he could enioy the loue of any.
Had vvilde *Hypolitus* *Leander* scene,
Enamoured of his beauty had he beene,
His presence made the rudest paisant melt,
That in the vast vplandish countrey dwelt,
The barb'rous *Thracian* souldier, mou'd with nought
Was mou'd vvith him, and for his fauour sought.
Some swore he vv as a mayd in mans attire,
For in his lookes were all that men desire,
A pleasant smiling cheeke, a speaking eye,
A brow for Loue to banquet royally,
And such as knew he was a man, vvould say,
Leander, thou art made for amorous play,
Why art thou not in Loue, and lou'd of all?
Though thou be faire, yet be not thine owne thrall.
The men of vvealthy *Sestos* euery yeere,
For his sake vvhom their Goddesse held so deare,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* kept a solemne feast,
Thither resorted many a vvandred guest,
To meet their loues, such as had none at all,
Came Louers home from this great festiuall.
For euery street like to a Firmament,

Hero and Leander.

Glistred with breathing stars, who, when they went
Frighted the Melancholly earth which deem'd
Eternall heauen to burne, for so it seem'd,
As if another *Phaeton* had got
The guidance of the Sunnes rich Chariot.
But farre about the loueliest *Hero* shin'd,
And stole away th' enchanted gazers minde :
For like Sea-nymphs inueigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers by.
Nor that night-wandering pale and watry starre,
(When yawning Dragons draw her thirling carre,
From *Latmus* mount vp to the gloomy skie,
Where crown'd with blazing light and Maiestie
She proudly sits,) more ouer-rules the flood,
Then shee the hearts of those that neere her stood.
Euen as when gaudy *Nymphes* pursue the chase,
Wretched *Ixions* shaggy-footed race,
Incens'd with sauage heate, gallop amaine,
From steepe Pine-bearing mountaines to the Plaine:
So ranne the people forth to gaze vpon her,
And all that view'd her, were enamour'd on her.
And as in fury of a dreadfull fight,
Their fellowes being slaine, or put to flight,
Poore soldiers stand with feare of death dead stroo-
So at her presence all surpriz'd and taken, (ken,
Awaite the sentence of her scornfull eyes :
He whom she fauours liues, the other dyes.

Hero and Leander.

There might you see one sigh, another rage,
And some (their violent passions to assuage)
Compile sharpe Satyres, but alas too late,
For faithfull loue will neuer turne to hate,
And many seeing great Princes were denyed,
Pin'd as they went, and thinking on her, dyed.
On this feast day, O cursed day and hower,
went *Hero* thorow *Sestos*, from her tower
To *Venus* temple, where vnhappily,
As after chanc'd, they did each other spy,
So faire a Church, as this had *Venus* none,
The walls were of discoloured Iasper stone,
Wherein was *Proteus* caru'd, and ouer head
A liuely Vine of greene sea agget spread,
Where by one hand light-headed *Bacchus* hung,
And with the other, wine from grapes out-wrung.
Of Crystall shining-faire the pauement was,
The towne of *Sestos* call'd it *Venus* glasse;
There might you see the gods in sundry shapes,
Committing headdy ryots, incest, rapes,
For know that vnderneath this radiant flower
Was *Danaes* statue in a brazen tower,
Ioue slyly stealing from his sisters bed,
To dally with *Idalian Ganimed*;
And for his loue *Europa* bellowing lowd,
And tumbling with the Rain-bow in a cloud:
Bloud-quaffing *Mars* heauing the yron net,

Hero and Leander.

Which limping *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* set :
Loue kindling fire, to burne such townes as *Troy*,
Siluanus weeping for the louely boy,
That now is turn'd into a Cypres tree.
Vnder whose shade the Wood-gods loue to be.
And in the midst a siluer altar stood,
There *Hero* sacrificing *Turtles* blood,
Tayl'd to the ground, vaying her eye-lids close,
And modestly they opened as she rose.
Thence flew Loues arrow with the golden head :
And thus *Leander* was enamoured.

Stone-still he stood, and euermore he gazed,
Till with the fire that from his count'nance blazed,
Relenting *Hero's* gentle heart was strooke:
Such force and vertue hath an amourens looke.

It lies not in our power to loue or hate :
For will in vs is ouer-rul'd by Fate.
VWhen two are stript long ere the course beginne,
VVe wish that one should lose, the other winne.
And one especially doe we affect,
Of two gold Ingots like in each respect ;
The reason no man knowes : let it suffice,
What vve behold is censurd by our eyes. —
Where both deliberate, the loue is slight.
Who euer lou'd, that lou'd not at first sight?

He kneel'd, but vnto her deuoutly prayd :
Chaste *Hero*, to her selfe thus softly sayd,

Were I the Saint he worships, I would heare him :
And as she spake those words came something neere
He started vp, she blusht as one asham'd, (him.
Wherewith *Leander* much more was inflam'd.
He toucht her hand; in touching it, she trembled :
Loue deeply groundd hardly is dissembled.

These Louers parled by the touch of hands,
True loue is mute and oft amazed stands. (led,
Thus while dumb signs their yeelding harts entang-
The aire with sparkes of liuing fire was spangled,
And Night deepe drencht in mistie *Acheron*,
Heau'd vp her head, and halfe the world vpon,
Breath'd darknes forth, (darke night is *Cupids* day.)
And now begins *Leander* to display
Loues holy fire, with words, with sighes, and teares,
Which like sweet Musicke entred *Hero's* eares.

And yet at euery word shee turn'd aside,
And alwaies cut him off as he replide.
At last, like to a bold sharpe Sophister,
With cheerefull hope thus he accosted her :
Faire creature let me speake without offence,
I would my rude words had the influence,
To lead thy thoughts as thy faire lookes doe mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner who is thine.
Be not vnkinde and faire : mis-shapen stufte
Are of behauiour boysterous and ruffe.
O shunne me not, but heare me ere you goe,

Hero and Leander.

God knowes I cannot force loue as you doe.
My words shall be as spotlesse as my youth,
Full of simplicitie and naked truth.

This sacrifice (whose sweet perfume descending,
From *Venus* altar to your footsteps bending)
Doth testifie that you exceed her farre,

To whom you offer, and whose Nunne you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpasse,
As much as sparkeling Diamonds, flaring glasse.

A Diamond set in Lead, his worth retaines:
A heau'nly Nymph belou'd of humane swaines,
Receiues no blemish, but oft-times more grace;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base;
Base in respect of thee diuine and pure,
Dutifull seruice may thy loue procure:

And I in dutie will excell all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Loues mother.
Nor heau'n, nor thou were made to gaze vpon,
As heau'n preserues all things, so saue thou one.
A stately builded Ship, well rigg'd and tall,
The Ocean maketh more maiesticall:

Why vowst thou then to liue in *Sestos* here,
Who on Loues seas more glorious wouldst appeare?
Like vntun'de golden strings, all women are;
Which long time lie vntouch't, will harshly iarre.
Vessels of brasse, oft handled, brightly shine;
What difference betwixt the richest Mine,

Hero and Leander.

And basest mould, but vse? for both, not vs'd,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abus'd,
VVhen Misers keepe it; being put to lone,
In time it will returne vs two for one.

Rich robes, themselues & others do adorne,
Neither themselues, nor others, if not worne.
Who builds a Palace, and rams vp the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate.

Ah simple *Hero*, learne thy selfe to cherish:
Lone women, like to empty houses perish;
Lesse sins the poore-rich man that starues himselfe,
In heaping vp a masse of drossie pelfe,

Then such as you; his golden earth remaines,
Which after his decease some other gaines.

But this faire lemme, sweet in the losse alone,
VVhen you fleet hence, can be bequeath'd to none:

Or if it could, downe from the enamel'd skie,
All Heauen would come to claime this legacie;
And with intestine broyles the world destroy,
And quite confound Natures sweet harmony.

VVell therefore by the gods decreed it is,
VVe humane creatures should enioy that blis?
One is no number: Maides are nothing then,
VVithout the sweet societie of Men.

VVilt thou liue single still? one shalt thou be,
Though neuer-singling *Hymen* couple thee.

Wilde Sauages that drinke of running Springs,

Hero and Leander.

Thinke water farre excels all earthly things,
But they that daily taste neat Wine, despise it;
Virginie, albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with marriage, had you try'd them both,
Differs as much, as Wine and water doth.
Base boullion for the stamperes sake we allow,
Euen so for mens impressiō doe we you,
By which alone, our reuerend Fathers say,
Women receiue perfection euery way.
This Idol which you tearme Virginitie,
Is neither Essence subiect to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sence,
Nor hath it any place of residence.
Nor is't of earth or molde celestially,
Or capable of any forme at all.
Of that which hath no being doe not boast:
Things that are not at all are neuer lost.
Men foolishly doe call it vertuous:
What vertue is it, that is borne with vs?
Much lesse can honour be ascrib'd thereto,
Honour is purchas'd by the deeds we doe.
Beleeue me *Hero*, honour is not wonne,
Vntill some honourable deed bee done.
Seeke you for chastitie, immortall fame,
And know that some haue wrong'd *Dianas* name.
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be faire, but some vile tongues will blot?

Hero and Leander.

But you are faire (aye me) so wondrous faire,
So young, so gentle, and so debonaire,
As *Greece* will thinke, if thus you liue alone,
Some one or other keepes you as his owne.
Then *Hero*, hate me not nor from me flie,
To follow swiftly blasting infamie :
Perhaps thy sacred Priesthood makes thee loath :
Tell me to whom mad'st thou that heedlesse oath ?

To *Venus* answered she : and as she spake,
Forth from those two tralucent cisternes brake
A streame of liquid Pearle, vvhich dovvne her face
Made milkewhite paths, wheron the gods might trace
To *Ioues* high Court. He thus replide : The rites
In vvhich *Loues* beauteous *Empresse* most delites,
Are banquets, Doricke musicke, midnight reuell,
Playes, Maskes, and all that sterne age counteth euill.
Thee as a holy Idiot doth she scorne,
For thou in vovving chastitie, hast svvorne,
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sinne farre worse then periury :
Euen sacriledge against her Deitie,
Through regular and formall puritie.
To expiate which sinne, kisse, and shake hands,
Such sacrifice as this *Venus* demands.

Thereat shee smil'd, and did deny him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for moe,
Which makes him quickly re-enforce his speech,

Hero and Leander.

And her in humble manner thus beseech.

Though neither gods nor men may thee deserue,
Yet for her sake whom you haue vow'd to serue,
Abandon fruitlesse cold *Virginitie*
The gentle *Queene* of *Loues* sole enemye,
Then shall you most resemble *Venus* Nunne,
When *Venus* sweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breasted *Pallas* ioyes in single life,
But *Pallas* and your Mistris are at strife.
Loue *Hero* then and be not tyrannous,
But heale the heart that thou hast wounded thus;
Nor staine thy youthfull yeares with avarice.
Faile fooles delight to be accounted nice.
The richest Corne dyes if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.
These arguments he vs'd, and many more,
Wherewith she yeelded that was wonne before,
Heroes looks yeelded, but her words made warre,
Women are won, when they begin to iarre.
Thus hauing swallow'd *Cipids* golden hooke,
The more she stru'd, the deeper vvas she strooke.
Yet euilly faining anger, stroue she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will:
So hauing paus'd a while, at last she said,
Who taught thee *Rethoricke* to deceive a mayde?
Aye me, such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the Orator.

With that *Leander* stoopt to haue embrac'd her, A
 But from his spreading armes away she cast him,
 And thus bespake him: Gentle youth, forbear
 To touch the sacred garments whichill weare
 Vpon a rocke; and vnderneath a hill
 Farre from the towne (where all is whist and still,
 Saue that the Sea playing on yellow sand,
 Sends forth a rattling murmure to the land,
 Whose sound allures the golden *Morphew*,
 In silence of the night to visit vs)
 My mirror stands, and there God knows I play
 With *Venus* Swannes, and Sparrowes all the day,
 A dwarfish beldam beares me company,
 That hops about the chamber where I lye,
 And spends the night (that might be better spent)
 In vaine discourse and a pish meriment,
 Come thither: As she spake this, her tongue tript,
 For many a tear (Come hither) from her slip,
 And sodainely her former colour chang'd,
 And here and there her cyes through anger rang'd,
 And like a Planet moving feuerall wayes,
 At one selfe instant, the poore soule assayes,
 Louing, not to loue at all, and euery part
 Stroue to resist the motions of her heart,
 And hands so pure, so innocent, may such,
 As might haue made heauen stoppe to haue a touch,
 Did she vp hold to *Venus*, and againe,

Hero and Leander.

Vow'd spotlesse chastitie, but all in vaine;
Cupid beates downe her prayers with his wings,
Her vowes aboue the empty ayre he flings,
All deepe enrag'd, his sinne wiew bow he bent,
And shot a shaft, that burning from him went,
Wherewith she stroken took, so dolefully,
As made Loue sigh, to see his tyrannie.
And as she wept, her teares to pearle he turn'd,
And wound them on his arme, and for her mourn'd;
Then toward the Palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment, and grieve he flies,
And to those sterne Nymphs, humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest,
But with a gasty, dreadfull countenance,
Threatning a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answered Loue, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poore word, their hate to him was such;
Hearken a while, and I will tell you why,
Heauens winged Herald, *Loue-borne Mercury*,
The selfe same day that he a sleep had laid
Inchanted *Argus* by a country Maid,
Whose careless haire, in stead of pearle, & adorne it,
Glisterd with dew, as one that seem'd to scorne it,
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose,
Her mind pure, and her tongue vntaught to glose.
Yet proud she was, (for lofty pride that dwels
In towres & Courts, is oft in Shepheard, cels

Hero and Leander.

And too too well the faire Vermillion knew,
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The loue of euery Swaite: On her this god
Enamoured was and vwith his Snaky rod,
Did charme her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while vpon the hillocke downe he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,
Till in his twining armes he lockt her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses, and at last,
As Shepheards doe, her on the ground he laid,
Aud tumbling on the grasse, he often straid
Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold,
And like an insolent commanding loue,
Boasting his parentage, vwould needs discouer
The way to new Elizium: but she,
Whose onely dower vvas her Chastitie,
Hauing stru'n in vaine, was now about to cry,
And craue the helpe of Shepherds that were neere,
Herewith he stay'd his flury and began,
To giue her leaue to rise: away she ran,
After vvent Mercury, vwho vs'd such cunning,
As she to heare his tale, left off her running.
Maids are not yvonne by bruitish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight,
And knowing *Hermes* courted her, was glad

That she such loveliness and beauty had,
 As could prouoke his liking, yet was mute,
 And neither would deny, nor grant his sute.
 Still vow'd he loue, she wanting no excuse,
 To feed him with delays, as women vse,
 Or thirsting after immortalitie,
 All women are ambitious naturally,
 Impos'd vpon her loue such a taske,
 As he ought not performe nor yet she aske,
 A draught of flowing Nectar, she requested,
 Wherewith the King of gods and men is feasted.
 He ready to accomplish what she vvill'd,
 Stole some from *Hebe* (*Hebe*, *Ioues* cup fill'd?
 And gaue it to his simple rustike Loue,
 Which being knowne (as what is hid from *Ioue*?)
 He inly storm'd, and waxt more furious,
 Than for the fire filcht by *Prometheus*, (here,
 And thrusts him downe from heaven, he vvandring
 In mournefull tearmes, with sad and heavy cheere,
 Complain'd to *Cupid*, *Cupid* for his sake,
 To be reueng'd on *Ioue*, did vndertake,
 And those on whom heauen, earth, and hell relies,
 I meane the adamantine Destinies,
 He vvounds with loue, and forst them equally,
 To dote vpon deceitfull *Mercury*,
 They offer'd him the deadly fatall knife,
 That sheares the slender threds of humane life.

Hero and Leander.

At his faire feathered feet, the engines laid, and sent
Which th'earth from ougly Chaos den vp-waid,
These he regarded not, but did entreat
That *Ioue*, Vsurper of his fathers seat,
Might presently be banisht into hell,
And aged *Saturne* in *Olympus* dwell.
They granted what he crau'd, and once againe;
Saturne and *Ops* began their golden raigne:
Murder, rape, warre, lust and treacherie,
Were with *Ioue* clos'd in Stygian Emperie:
But long this blessed time continued not,
As soone as he his wished purpose got,
He recheffe of his promise, did despise
The loue of th'enerlasting destinies.
They seeing it; both *Loue* and him abhor'd,
And *Iupiter* vnto his place restord.
And that but learning in despight of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heauen gate,
And to the seat of *Ioue* it selfe aduance,
Hermes had slept in hell with ignorance.
Yet as a punishment they added this,
That he and pouertie should alwaies kisse:
And to this day is euery Scholler poore,
Grosse gold from them runs headlong to the Boore;
Likewise, the angry sisters thus deluded,
To venge themselves on *Hermes* haue concluded,
That *Midus* brood shall sit in honors chaire;

Hero and Leander.

To which the Muses sonnes are onely heire,
And fruitfull wits that in aspiring are,
Shall discontent runne into regions farre,
And few great Lords in vertuous deedes shall ioy,
But be surpriz'd with euery garish toy,
And still enrich the lofty seruile Clowne,
VVho with incroching guile, keeps learning down.
Then muse not *Cupids* suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loues the Fates were iniured,

The ende of the first Sestiad.



The Argument of the second

SESTIAD.

*Hero of loue takes deeper sence,
And doth her loue more recompence,
Their first nights sweeting, where sweet kisses
Are it onely crannes of both their blisses.
He swims i' Abydus, and returnes,
Cold Neptune with his heauy burnes,
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
Heroes faire tower, and his desire.*

BY this sad *Hero* with loue yuacquainted,
Viewing *Leanders* face, fell downe and fainted:
He kist her, and breath'd life into her lips,

Where

Hero and Leander.

Wherewith as one displeas'd away she trips,
Yet as she vvent, full often lookt behind,
And many poore excuses did she find,
To linger by the vway, and once she stayd,
And vvould haue turn'd againe but vvvas afrayd,
In offering parly, to be counted light.
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted Fanne of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to traine *Leander* therewithall.
He being a Nouice knew not what she meant;
But stay'd, and after her a Letter sent:
Which ioyfull *Hero* answered in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort,
Wherein the liberall Graces lock their wealch;
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
VVide open stood the doore, he neede not clime;
And she her selfe before the pointed time,
Had spred the boord, with roses strowed the roome,
And oft lookt out, and mus'd he did not come;
At last he came: O who can tell the greeting,
These greedy Louers had at their first meeting?
He askt, she gaue, and nothing was denyed,
Both to each other quickly were affyed
Looke how their hands, so were their hearts vnited,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the imbracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet.

Hero and Leander.

For from the earth to heauen, is *Cupid* rais'd,
Where fancy is in equall ballance paif'd)
Yet she this rashnes sodainly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to her selfe lamented;
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd,
By being possesst of him for whom she long'd:
I, and she wisht, albeit not from her heart, —
That he would leaue her turret and depart.
The mirthfull god of amorous pleasure smil'd,
To see how he this captiue Nymph beguil'd;
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it downe, that it might mount the higher.
Now waxt she iealous, lest his loue abated,
Fearing her owne thoughts made her to be hated;
Therefore vnto him hastily she goes,
And like light *Salmasis* her body throes
Vpon his bosome, where with yeelding eyes,
She offers vp her selfe a sacrifice,
To slake his anger, if he were displeas'd;
O what god would not therewith be appeas'd?
Like *Aesops* Cocke, this ieuell he enioyed,
And as a brother with his sister toyed,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her fauour and good will had wonne;
But know you not that creatures wanting sence,
By nature haue a naturall appetence,
And wanting organs to aduance a step,

Hero and Leander.

Mou'd by Loues force, vnto each other leap,
Much more in subiects hauing intellect,
Some hidden influence breeds like effect,
Albeit *Leander* rude in loue, and raw,
Long dallying with *Hero* nothing saw,
That might delight him more, yet he suspected,
Some amorous rites or other vvere neglected:
Therefore vnto his body, hers he clung,
She, fearing on the Rushes to be flung,
Striu'd vvith redoubled strength, the more she stri-
The more a gentle pleasing heat reuiued,
Which taught him all that elder louers know;
And now the same gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plaine tearmes (yet cunningly) he crau'd it,
Loue alwayes makes those eloquent that haue it:
She, vvith a kind of granting, put him by it,
And euer as he thought himselfe most nigh it,
Like to the tree of *Tantalus* she fled,
And seeming lauish, sau'd her Maiden-head:
Ne're King more sought to keepe his Diademe,
Than *Hero* this inestimable gemme:
Aboue our life yve loue a fiedfast friend,
Yet when a token of great vvorth yve send,
We often kisse it, often looke thereon,
And say the messenger that would be gon:
No maruell then, though *Leander* would not yeld
So soone to part from that she dearly held.

Hero and Leander.

Ievvels been lost are found againe, this neuer,
Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for euer.

Nowv had the morne espy'd her louers steeds,
VWhereat shee starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And red for anger that hee stayd so long,
All headlong throwes her selfe the clouds among,
And now *Leander* fearing to be mist,
Imbrac't her sodainly, tooke leaue, and kist.
Long was he taking leaue, and loth to goe,
And kist againe as Louers vse to doe :
Sad *Hero* vvrung him by the hand and vvept,
Saying; Let your vowes and promises be kept.
Then standing at the doore, she turn'd about,
As loth to see *Leander* going out.
And now the sunne that through th'orizon peepes,
As pittying these Louers, downvwards creepes.
So that in silence of the clowdy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight :
But vvhat the secret trustie night conceal'd,
Leanders amorous habit soone reueal'd,
With *Cupids* myrtle was his bonnet crownd,
About his armes the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreath'd her largely spreading haire:
Nor could the youth abstaine, but he must weare
The sacred Ring wherewith she vvas endovv'd,
VWhen first religious chastitie she vow'd,
Which made his loue through *Sestos* to be knowne,

Hero and Leander.

And thence vnto *Abydos* sooner blowne, and lower
Than he could sayle; for incorporeall Fame,
whose weight consists in nothing but her name;
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water, and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came he seem'd not to be there,
But like exiled ayre thrust from his sphere,
Set in a forren place, and straight from thence,
Alcides-like by mighty violence,
He would haue chac'd away the swelling Maine
That him from her vniustly did detaine:
Like as the Sunne in a Diameter,
Fires and inflames obiects remooued farre,
And heateth kindly shining lat'rally,
So beauty sweetly quickens when it's nie;
But being seperated and remooued,
Burnes where it cherisht, murders where it loued:
Therefore, euen as an *Index* to a booke,
So to his mind was young *Leanders* looke;
O none haue power but gods their loue to hide,
Affection by the count'nance is descride.
The light of hidden fire it selfe discouers,
And loue that is conceal'd, betrayes poore louers.
His secret flame apparantly was scene,
Leanders father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuk'd his sonne,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new begunne.

But

Hero and Leander.

But loue resisted once, growes passionate,
And nothing more then counsell lowers hate :
For, as a hot proud horse highly disdaines
To haue his head control'd, but breakes the raines,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his houes
Checkes the submissiue ground : so he that loues,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares ;
What is it now, but madd *Leander* dares ?
O *Hero, Hero*, thus he cry'd full oft,
And then he got him to a rocke aloft,
Where hauing spide her tower, long star'd he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling *Helleſpont*
To part in twaine, that he might come and go.
But still the rising billowes answered no ;
With that he stript him to the yu'ry skin,
And crying, Loue, I come, leapt liuely in :
Whereat the Saphyr-visag'd god grew proud,
And made his capring *Triton* sound aloud,
Imagining that *Ganimed* displeas'd,
Had left the heauens, therefore on him he seiz'd :
Leander striu'd, the vvaues about him vround,
And puld him to the bottome, vvhether the ground
Was strewd vvith pearle, and in lovv corall groues,
Svvet singing Mermayds sported vvith their loues,
On heapes of heauy gold, and tooke great pleasure,
To spurne in carelesse sort the shipwrackt treasure :
For here the stately azure palace stood,

Hero and Leander.

Where Kingly *Neptune* and his traine abode,
The lusty god imbrac't him, call'd him *Loue*,
And swore he neuer should returne to *Ioue*:
But when he knew it was not *Ganimed*,
For vnder water he was almost dead,
He heau'd him vp, and looking on his face,
Beat downe the bold vvaues with his triple Mace,
Which mounted vp, intending to haue kist him,
And fell in drops like teares, because they mist him.
Leander being vp, began to swim,
And looking backe, saw *Neptune* follow him.
VWhereat agast, the poore soule gan to cry.
O let me visit *Hero* ere I dye:
The god put *Helles* bracelet on his arme,
And swore the Sea should neuer doe him harme.
He claps his plumpt cheekes, with his tresses playd,
And smiling wantonly, his loue bewrayd;
He watcht his armes, and as they open'd wide,
At euery stroke betwixt them would he slide,
And steale a kisse, and then runne out and dance,
And as he turn'd cast many a lustfull glance,
And threw him gawdy toyes to please his eie
And diue into the vwater, and there prie
Vpon his brest, his thighes, and euery lim,
And vp againe, and close beside him swim:
And talke of *Loue*; *Leander* made reply,
You are deceiu'd, I am no vvoman I.

There

Hero and Leander.

Thereat smil'd *Neptune*, and then told a tale,
How that a Shepherd sitting in a vale,
Playd with a boy, so louely faire and kind,
As for his loue, both earth and heauen pin'd,
That of the cooling riuer durst not drinke,
Lest water-Nymphs should pul him from the brink;
And when he sported in the fragrant lawnes,
Gote-footed Satyrs, and vpsstarting Fawnes
Would steale him thence, ere halfe his tale was done.
Ay me, *Leander* cry'd, th' enamoured sunne,
That now should shine on *Thetis* glassy bower,
Descends vpon my radiant *Heroes* tower.
O that those tardy armes of mine were wings!
And as he spake, vpon the waies he springs;
Neptune was angry that he gaue no eare,
And in his heart reuenging malice beare:
He flung at him his Mace, but as it went,
He call'd it in, for loue made him repent.
The Mace returning backe, his owne hand hit,
As meaning to be veng'd for darting it.
When this fresh-bleeding wound *Leander* view'd,
His colour went and came, as if he rew'd
The griefe which *Neptune* felt. In gentle brests,
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pittie rests.
And who haue hard hearts, and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illiterat Hinds?
The god seeing him with pittie to be moued,
There-

Hero and Leander.

Thereon concluded that he was beloued.
(Loue is too full of faith, too credulous,)
With folly and false hope deluding vs.
Wherefore *Leanders* fancie to surprize,
To the rich *Ocean* for gifts he flies.
Tis wisdom to giue much, a gift preuailes,
When deepe perswading oratorie failes.
By this, *Leander* being neere the land,
Cast downe his weary feet, and felt the sand,
Breathlesse albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitarie tower he got:
And knockt, and call'd, at which celestiall noyse,
The longing heart of *Hero* much more ioyes, (rings,
Then Nymphes and Shopheards, when the tymbrell
Or crooked Dolphin, when the Sayer sings:
She stayd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And drunke with gladnesse, to the dore she goes,
Where seeing a naked man, she shriekt for feare;
Such sights as this to tender maids are rare,
And ranne into the darke her selfe to hide,
Rich Jewels in the darke are soonest spide.
Vnto her was he led, or rather drawne, (lawne;
By those white lims which sparkled through the
The neerer that he came, the more she fled,
And seeking refuge, slipt in to her bed,
Whereon *Leander* sitting, thus began,
Through numming cold, all feeble, faint and wan,

Hero and Leander.

If not for loue, yet loue for pittie sake,
Me in thy bed and mayden bosome take,
At least, vouchsafe these armes some little roome,
Who hoping to imbrace thee, cheereely swome.
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest vpon thy pillow.
Herewith affrighted *Hero* shrunk away,
And in her lukewarme place *Leander* lay,
Whose liuely heat like fire from heauen set,
Would animate grosse clay, and higher set
The dropping thoughts of base declining soules,
Then drery *Mars* carowing *Nectar* bottles.
His hands he cast vpon her like a snare:
She ouercome with shame and shallow feare,
Like chaste *Diana* when *Aleon* spide her,
Being sodainely betray'd, diu'd downe to hide her,
And as her siluer body downeward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her owne mind thought her selfe secure,
Orecast with dim and darksome couerture;
And now she lets him whisper in her eare,
Flatter, intreat, promise, protest, and sweare:
Yet euer as he greedily assayed
To touch those dainties, she the *Harpey* playd,
And euery limme did as a Souldier stout,
Defend the Fort, and keepe the Foe men out.
For though the rising Yu'ry mount he scal'd,

Hero and Leander.

Which is with azure circling lines empal'd,
Much like a globe, (a globe may I rearme this,
By which loue sayles to regions full of blis?)
Yet there with *Lysiphus* he toyld in vaine,
Till gentle parly did the truce obtaine.
She trembling stroue, this strife of hers (like that
Which made the world) another world begat,
Of vnknowne ioy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yeeld her selfe she sought.
Seeming not woon, yet woon she was at length:
In such warres, women vse but halfe their strength,
Leander now like *Theban Hercules*,
Entred the Orchard of th' *Hesperides*.
Whose fruit none rightly can describe but he,
That pulst it shakes it from the golden tree,
Wherein *Leander* on her quivering brest,
Breathlesse, spoke something, and sigh'd out the rest,
Which so preuaill'd, as he with small adoe
Inclod her in his armes, and ki'd her too,
And every kisse to her was as a charme,
And to *Leander* as a fresh alarme.
So that the truce was broke, and she alas,
(Poore silly maiden) at his mercy was.
Loue is not full of pittie (as men say),
But deafe and cruell where he meanes to pray.
Euen as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing.

And now she wisht this night vvere neuer done,
And sigh'd to thinke vpon th'approching sunne;
For much it grieu'd her that the bright day-light,
Should knowv the pleasure of this blessed night,
And then like *Mars* and *Eritine* displayd,
Both in each others armes chain'd as they layd.
Againe, she knew not how to frame her looke,
Or speake to him, vwho in a moment rooke
That which so long so charily she kept,
And faine by stealth avway she would haue crept,
And to some corner secretly haue gone,
Leauing *Leander* in the bed alone:
But as her naked feet vvere whipping out,
He on the sodaine cling'd her so about
That Meremayd-like vnto the floore she slid,
One halfe appear'd, the other halfe was hid.
Thus neere the bed she (blushing) stood vpright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twi-light break, which through the haire,
As from an orient cloud, glimse here and there.
And round about the chamber this false morne,
Brought forth the day before the day was borne.
So *Hero's* ruddy cheeke, *Hero* betrayd,
And her all naked to his sight displayd.
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure tooke,
Than *Dia*, on heaps of gold fixing his looke.
By this *Apollo's* golden harpe began,

Hero and Leander.

To sound forth musicke to the Ocean,
Which watchfull *Hesperus* no sooner heard,
But he the day bright-bearing Car prepar'd.
And ranne before as Harbenger of light,
And with his flaring beames mockt ougly night,
Till she orecome vvith anguish, shame and rage,
Dang'd downe to hell her lo:hsome carriage.

The ende of the second Sestiad.



The Argument of the third

SESTIAD.

Leander to the enuious light
Resignes his night sports with the night,
And swimmes the Hellespont againe,
Thesme the dettie soueraigne
Of customes and religious rights,
Appeares, improving his delights,
Since Nuptiall honors be neglected,
Which straight he vowes shall be effected.
Faile Hero lest Deuirginate
Waies, and with fury wailes her state:
But with her loue, and womans wit,
She argues, and approueth it.

New light giues new directions, Fortunes new
To fashion our endeauours that ensue.

Hero and Leander.

More harsh (at least more hard) more graue and hie,
Our subiect runs, and our sterne Muse must flye,
Loues edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, ioyes, longings, that before became
High vnexperien'd bloud and made sharpe plights,
Must now grow stay'd, and censure the delights,
That being enioy'd, aske iudgement, now we praise,
As hauing parted: Euenings crowne the dayes.

And now ye wanton loües, and young desires,
Pyed vanitie, the mint of strange attires,
Ye lisping flatteries, and obsequious glances,
Relentfull Musicks, and attractive dances,
And you detested Charms constraing loue,
Shun loues stolne sports, by that these Louers proue,

By this the Soueraigne of Heauens golden fires,
And young *Leander*, Lord of his Desires,
Together from their Louers armes arose,
Leander into *Helle Spontus* throwes
His *Hero*-handled body, whose delight,
Made him disdainne each other Epirhite.
And as amid'st the enamoured waues he swims,
The god of gold of purpose guilt his lims,
That this worde guilt including double fence,
The double guilt of his *Incontinence*,
Might be exprest, that had no stay t'employ
The treasure which the Loue-god let him ioy
In his deare *Hero*, with such sacred thrift,

As had becom'd so sanctified a gift,
But like a greedy vulgar Prodigall,
Would on the stocke dispend, and rudely fall
Before his time, to that vnblest blessing,
Which for lusts plague doth perish with possessing.

Ioy grauen in sense, like snow in water wasts,

Without preserue of evertae nothing lasts.

What man is he that with a wealthy eye,
Enioyes a beauty richer then the sky? (leepe,
Through whose white skin, softer then the soundest
With damaske eyes the ruby blood doth peepe,
And runns in branches through her azure veines,
Whose mixture and first fire his loue attaines,
Whose both hands limit, both Loues deities,
And sweeten humane thoughts like Paradise,
VVhose disposition filken is and kinde,
Directed with an earth exempted minde,
Who thinks not heauen with such a loue is giuen?

And who like earth would spend that power of
VVith ranke desire to ioy it all at first? (heauen,
VVhat simply kils our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Cloathes but our nakednesse, and makes vs liue:

Praise doth not any of her fauours giue.

But what doth plentifully minister
Beauteous apparell, and delicious cheere,
So ordered, that it still excites desire,
And still giues pleasure freenesse to aspire

The palme of *Bounty*, ever moist preserving,
To loves sweet life, this is the courtly carting.
Thus *Time*, and all-states-ordering *Ceremonie*
Had banisht all offence; *Times* golden Thie
Vpholds the flowrie body of the earth
In sacred harmony, and euerie birth
Of men, and actions makes legitimate
Being vs'd aright, *the vse of time is fate.*

Yet did the gentle flood transerre once more,
This prize of Loue home to his fathers shore,
Where he vnclades himselfe of that false wealth on
That makes few rich, treasures compos'd by stealth,
And to his sister kind *Hermione*,
(VWho on the shore kneeled, praying to the Sea
For his returne) he all Loues good did shew
In *Hero* seaz'd for him, in him for *Hero*.

His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her singing like a shower he flew,
Sprinkling the earth that to their tombes tooke in
Streames dead for loue, to leaue his yuory skin,
VWhich yet a snowy fount did leaue about
As soule to the dead water that did loue,
And from thence did the first white *Roses* spring,
(For loue is sweet and faire in euerie thing)
And all the sweetned shore as he did goe,
VWas crown'd with odorous *Roses* vwhite as snow.
Loue blest *Leander* vvas vvith loue so filled,

Hero and Leander.

That loue to all that toucht him he infilled;
And as the colour of all things we see,
To our sights powers communicated be;
So to all objects, that in compasse came,
Of any sense he had, his senses flame
Flow'd from his parts, with force so virtuall,
It fir'd with sence things meere insensuall

Now (with warme baths and odors comforted)
When he lay downe he kindly kist his bed,
As consecrating it to *Heroes* right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight,
Put him in mind of *Hero* or her blisse,
Should be the altar to preferre a kisse.

Then laid he forth his late enriched armes,
In whose white circle Loue writ all his Charms,
And made his Characters sweet *Heroes* lims,
When on his breasts warme sea the fideling fwims,
And as those armes (held vp in circle) met,
He said, See, Sister, *Heroes* Carquenet,
Which we had rather weate about her necke,
Then all the Iewels that doe *Iuno* decke.

But as she shooke eawith passionate desire,
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A musicke so diuine did pierce his eare,
As neuer yet his ravisht sense hld heare,
When suddenly a light of twenty hievs (views.
Brake through the roose, and like the Raine Bow

Hero and Leander.

Amaz'd Leander, in whose beames came downe
The goddesse Cerebray with a Crowne
Of all the starres, and heauen with her descended,
Her flaming haire to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of Deities,
And in a chaine compact of cares and eyes,
She led Religion, all her body was
Cleere and transparent as the purest glasse,
For as she was presented to the sence,
Deuotion, Order, State and Reuerence,
Her shadowes were, Society, Memory,
All which her sight made liue, her absence dyed
A rich disparent Pentacle she wears,
Drawne full of circles, and strange characters,
Her face was changeable to euery eye,
One way lookt ill, another graciously,
Which while men view'd, they cheerefull were and
But looking off, viciouſ and melancholy
The snaky path to each obſcured law,
Did Policy in her broad brow draw,
One hand a Mathematicke Cryſtall ſhew'd,
Which gathering in the line of ſunne and rayes
From her bright eyes, Confuſion burnes to death,
And all eſtates of men diſtinguiſheth
By it Morality and Comelineſſe,
Themſelues in all their ſightly figures dreſſe,
Her other hand a Lawrell did applye,

Hero and Leander.

To beat backe *Barbarisme* and *Auarice*,
That followed eating earth and excrement,
And humane lims, and would make proud ascent
To seates of gods, were *Ceremony* slaine,
The *Houres* and *Graces* bore her glorious traine,
And all the sweets of our society,
Were spher'd and treasur'd in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove
Leanders bluntnesse in his violent loue,
Told him how poore was substance without rites,
Like Bils vnsign'd, desires without delites;
Like meates vnseason'd, like ranke corne that growes
On cottages, that none or reapes or sowes,
Not being with ciuill formes confirm'd & bounded,
For humane dignities and comforts founded:
But loose and secret all their glories hide:
Faire fills the chamber, darknesse decks the Bride.

She vanishe, leauing pearle *Leanders* heart
With sence of his vnceremonious part;
In which, with plaine neglect of Nuptiall rites,
He close, and statly fell to his delites:
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rites pertaining to his married state;
So vp he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad cares he doth his vowes disclose:
The Nuptials are resolv'd with vtmost pow'r,
And he at night would swim to *Heroes* tow'r.

Hero and Leander.

From whence he meant to *Sestos* forked Bay
To bring her couertly, where Ships must stay,
Sent by her father throughly rigg'd and mand,
To waite her safely to *Abydos* strand.

There leaue we him, and with fresh wing pursue
Astonisht *Hero*, whose most wished view
I thus long haue forborne, because I left her,
So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her.

To looke on one abasht is impudence,

When of slight faults he hath too deepe a sence.

Her blushing het her chamber, she lookt out,
And all the aire she purpled round about,
And after it a soule blacke day befell,
Which euer since a red morne doth foretell,
And still renues our woes for *Hero's* vwoe,
And foule it prou'd because it figur'd so,
The next nights horrour, which prepare to heare,
I faile, if it prophane your daintiest care.

Then hovv most strangely, intellectuall fire,
That proper to my soule hast power t'inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy vnspheared flame visitst the springs
Of spirits immortall. Now (as swift as time
Doth follow Motion) find th'eternall clime
Of his free soule, whose liuing subiect stood
Vp to the chin in the *Pyrean* flood,
And drunke to me halfe this *Musean* story,

Inscribing it to deathlesse memory,
 Confer with it, and make my pledge as deepe, as of
 That neither draught be consecrate to sleepe,
 Tell it how much his late desires I tender, and how
 (If yet I know not) and to delight surrender
 My soules darke offspring, willing it should die
 To loues, to passions, and society.
 Swear *Heracles* upon hebbes alone,
 Her maiden-head, her voyces, *Leander* gone,
 And nothing with her but a womans cry,
 Of new, *Uranus* dog, *Phaethon* the newe child,
 Euen to her selfe strange vvas, much like *Thibet*
 Th' *Iberian City*, that vvas hand did strike
 By English force, in *Phoenicia* *Effraim*
 When peace offer'd, the *troopers* had fortitude,
 And golden fonght *Gabin* had beflow'd
 Such wealth on her, that strength and Empire flow'd
 Into her turret, and her virgin waiste,
 The wealthy girdle of the sea imbrac'd,
 Till our *Leander* thar made *Mars* his *Cupid*,
 For soft loue fires, with yron thunders chide,
 Swum to her voyces, dissolvd her virgins zone,
 Led in his power, and made Confusion
 Run through her streets amaz'd, that she supposed
 She had not been in her owne vvas inclos'd,
 But rapt by wonder to some forraine state,
 Seeing all her illnes so disconsolate,

And all her peacefull mansions posselt
 With wars iust spoyle, and many a forraine ghest,
 From euery corner driuing an enioyer,
 Supplying it with power of a Destroyer.
 So far'd faire *Hero* in th'expugned sort
 Of her chaste bosome, and of euery fort
 Strange thoughts posselt her, ransacking her brest,
 For that which was not there, her wonted rest.
 She was a mother straight, and bore with paine,
 Thoughts that spake straight, and wish't their mother.
 She hates their liues, & they their own & hers, (flaine:
 Such strife still growes where sin the race preferres:

*Loue is a golden bubble, full of dreames,
 That waking breakes, and sits vs with extremes.*
 She mus'd how she could looke vpon her fire,
 And not shew that without, that was indire.
 For as a glasse is an inanimate eye,
 And outvard formes imbraceth inwardly,
 So is the eye an animate glasse that throwes,
 Informs vvithout vs. And as *Phæbus* throwes
 His beames abroad, though he in clouds be clos'd,
 Still glancing by them, till he finde oppos'd,
 A loose and rorid vapour, that is fit
 T'euent his searching beames, and vseth it
 To forme a tender twenty-coloured eye,
 Cast in a circle round about the skie.
 So when our fiery soule our bodies starre,

Hero and Leander.

(That euer is in motion circular)
Conceiues a forme, in seeking to display it,
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth conuay it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this euent vncourtly *Hero* thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks haue wrought;
For yet the worlds stale cunning she resisted, (sted,
To beare foule thoughts, yet forge what looks she li-
And held it for a very silly sleight,
To make a perfect metall counterfeir,
Glad to disclaime her selfe, proud of an Art,
That makes the face a Pander to the heart,
Those be his painted Moones, whose lights profane
Beauties true heauen, at full still in their wane.
Those be the Lapwing faces that still cry,
Here'tis, when that they vow, is nothing nye.
Base fooles, when euery morish foole can teach
That which men thinke the height of humane reach,
But custome that the Apoplexie is,
Of bedred nature, and liues led amis,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet braz'd not *Heracles* brow vwith impudence:
And this she thought most hard to bring to pas.
To seeme in countenance other then she was;
As if she had two soules, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place,

As either list to vtter or conceale
What they conceiu'd, or as one soule did deale
With both affaires at once, keepes and cieets
Both at an instant contrary affects,
Retention and eiection in her powrs
Being acts alike, for this one vice of ours.
That forms the thought, & swayes the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our vtterance.

These and more graue conceits toild *Hero's* spirits:
For though the light of her discouerie wits,
Perhaps might finde some little hope to passe
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet (alas).
There was a heavenly flame incompast her,
Her goddesse, in whose Phane she did preferre
Her virgin vowes, from vvhose impulsue sight,
She knew, the blacke shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wits subtilst art:
This vvas the point pierst *Hero* to the heart,
Who heauy to the death, with a deepe sigh
And hand that languisht, tooke a robe vvas night
Exceeding large, and of blacke Cypres made,
In vvhich she fate, had from the day in shade,
Euen ouerhead and face downe to the feet,
Her left hand made it at her bosome meet:
Her right hand lean'd on her heart bowing knee,
Wrapt in vnshapfull folds, vvas death to see
Her knee stayd that, and that her falling face

Hero and Leander.

Each lim helpt other to put on disgrace.
No forme was scene, where forme held all her sight,
But like an Embrion that saw neuer light,
Or like a scorched Statue made a cole
With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched soule
Muffled with endlesse darknesse, she did sit,
The night had neuer such a heauy spirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well see,
How fast her cleare teares melted on her knee,
Through her blacke vaile, and turnd as blacke as it,
Mourning to be her teares, then wrought her wit,
With her broke vow, her goddesse wrath, her fame,
All tooles that enginous despaire could frame.
Which made her strow the floore with her torn hair,
And spred her mantle peece-meale in the aire,
Like *Ioues* sons club, strong passion strook her down,
And with a pittious shriek inforst her swoune,
Her shriek, made with another shriek ascend
The frighted Matron that on her did tend;
And as with her owne cry, the sense was slaine,
So with the other it was call'd againe;
She rose, and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her down, euen where *Leander* lay to rest
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebb'd with *Leander*, but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in
With child of sayle, and did hot fight begin;

Hero and Leander.

With those severe conceits, The too much markt,
And here *Leanders* beauties were imbrackt;
He came in swimming painted all with ioyes,
Such as might sweeten hell, his thought destroys;
All her destroying thoughts she thought she felt,
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
And chide her soule that it could so much care,
To cheeke the true ioyes she should find there;
Her fresh heat, bloud cast figures in her eyes,
And she supposed she saw in *Neptunes* skies,
How her starre wandred, washt in smarting brine,
For her lours sake, that with immortall wine,
Should be imbrack'd and swim in more hearts case,
Then there was water in the *Sestian* seas;
Then said her Capd-prompted spirit, Shall I
Sing ments to such delight some harmony,
Shall lick tong'd fame patch vp with voyces noise,
The drunken bastard of the multitude,
(Begot when father iudgement is away,
And gossip-like, sayes because others say,
Take newes, as if it were too hot to eate,
And spit it shattering forth for dog-foes meate)
Make me for forging a phantastick vow,
Presume to heare what makes graue Matrons bow?
Good vowes are neuer broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were had; vowes are but seeds,
& good deeds fruits; not those good deeds that grow

Hero and Leander.

From other stocks, then from th' obserued vow.
That is a good deed that prevents a bad.
Had I not yeelded, slaine my selfe I had.
Hero *Leander* is, *Leander*, *Hero*,
Such vertue loue hath to make one of two.
If then *Leander* did my maiden-head git,
Leanders being my selfe, I still retaine it.
We breake chaste vowes when we liue loosely euer,
But bound as we are, we liue loosely neuer.
Two constant Louers being ioyn'd in one,
Yeelding to one another, yeeld to none.
VVe know not how to vow, till loue vnblind vs,
And vowes made ignorantly neuer bind vs.
Too true it is, that when 'tis gone, men hate.
The ioyes as vaine they tooke in lones estate,
But that's, since they haue lost, the heauenly light
Should shew them way to iudge of all things right.
When life is gone death must implanch his terror,
As death is foe to life, so loue to error.
Before we loue, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here,
Now with desire of vwealth transported quite
Beyond our ~~free~~ humanities delight.
Now with ambition climbing falling towres,
Whose hope to scale, our feare to fall deuoures,
Now rapt with pastimes, pompe, all ioyes impure,
In thing without vs, no delight is sure.

Hero and Leander.

But loue with all ioyes crown'd, within doth sit.
O goddesse pittie, loue and pardon it.
Thus spake he weeping, but her goddesse care
Burnd with too sterne a heat, and would not heare.
Aye me, hath heauens straight fingers no more gra-
For such a *Hero*, then for homeliest faces? (oes.
Yet he hop'd well, and in her sweet conceit
Waying her arguments, she thought them weight;
And that the Logicke of *Leanders* beauty;
And them together would bring proofes of duty;
And if her soule that was a skilfull glance
Of heauens great essence, found such imperance
In her loues beauties, she had confidence,
Loue lou'd him too, and pardon'd her offence.

Beauty in heauen and earth this grace doth win,

It supplies rigour, and it lessens sinne.

Thus her sharpe vvitt, her loue, her secrecie,
Trouping together, made her wonder vvhy
She should not leaue her bed, and to the temple?
Her health, said she, must liue, her sex dissemble;
She view'd *Leanders* place, and wisht he were,
Turn'd to his place, so his place vv ere *Leander*.
Aye me (said she) that loues sweet loue and sense
Should doe it harme, my loue had not gone hence,
Had he beene like his place. O blessed place,
Image of Constancy. Thus my loues grace
Parts no where, but it leaues something behind,

Worth obseruation: he renouernes his kind,
His motion is like heauens Orbicular;
For vvhether he once is, he is euer there.
This place vvas mine, *Leander*, now 'tis thine,
Thou being my selfe, then it is double mine,
Mine, and *Leanders* mine, *Leanders* mine.
O see vvhat vvealth it yeelds thee, nay yeelds him,
For him in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich fruitfull loue, that doubling selfe esteems,
Elixer like contracts, though separates.
Deare place, I kisse thee, and doe vvelcome thee,
As from *Leander* euer sent to me.

The end of the second Sestiad.



The Argument of the third

SESTIAD.

*Hero in sacred habite decks,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her Skarfes description wrought by fate,
Ostents that threaten her estate.
The strange, yet Physicall euents,
Leanders counter feyn presents,
In thunder, Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the louers ends:
Ecce the goddess of remorse,*

Hero and Leander.

2
With vocall and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus swan,
T'excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreke her rites abuses,
Creates the monster Eronofus ;
Inflaming Heroes sacrifice,
With lightening darted from her eyes,
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That euer since taints euery breast.

NOVV from Leanders place she rose and found
Her haire & rent robe scattered on the ground
Which taking vp, she euery piece did lay
Vpon an Altar, where, in youth of day
She vs'd t' exhibite priuate sacrifice :
Those would she offer to the Deities
Of her faire goddesse, and her powerfull sonne,
As relikes of her late felt passion,
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them,
In hope her violent fancies that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her loues holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deckt her in her secret sacred deeds,
A crowne of Iuckles, that sunne nor fire
Could euer melt, and figur'd strange desire.
A golden starre shin'd in her naked brest,
In honour of the Queen-light of the East.
In her right hand she held a siluer wand,

Hero and Leander.

On whose bright top *Peristera* did stand,
Who was a Nymph, but now transform'd a Doue,
And in her life was deare in *Venus* loue:
And for her sake she euer since that time (blue clime;
Chul'd Doues to draw her coach through heauens
Her plenteous haire in curled billowes swims
On her bright shoulder, her harmonious lims,
Sustain'd no more but a most subtile vaile
That hung on them, as if durst not assaile
Their different concord: for the weakest aire
Could raise it swelling from her beauteous faire,
Nor did it couer, but adumbrate onely
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye,
Might see (as it did shadow) fearefully,
All that all loue deseruing Paradise,
It vvas as blue as the most freezing skies,
Neere the seas hiew, from thence her goddesse came,
On it a skarfe she wore of wondrous frame,
In midst whereof she wrought a Virgins face,
From whose each cheeke a fiery blush did chase,
Two crimson flames, that did two wayes extend,
Spreading the ample skarfe to either end,
Which figur'd the diuision of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclin'd,
And stood not resolute to wed *Leander*.
This seru'd her white necke for a purple sphere,
And cast it selfe at full breadth downe her backe.

There

Hero and Leander.

There (since the first breath that begun the wracke
Of her free quiet from *Leander* lips)

She wrought a Sea in one flame full of Ships,
But that one Ship where all her wealth did passe,
(Like simple Merchants goods) *Leander* was;

For in that Sea she naked figured him,
Her diuine needle taught him how to swim,
And to each threed did such resemblance giue,
For ioy to be so like him it did liue:

*Things senselesse liue by Art, and rationallye,
By rude contempt of art and industry.*

Scarce could she work, but in her strength of thought,
She feared she prickt *Leander* as she wrought,
And oft would shrink so, that her Guardian frighted,
Would staying haste, as with some mischief cited.

*Thy double life that dead things grieve sustaine,
They kill that feele not their friends liuing paine.*

Sometimes she feared he sought her infamy,
And then as she was working of his eye,
She thought to pricke it out to quench her ill,
But as she prickt, it grew more perfect still.

*Trifling attempts no serious acts aduance,
The fire of loue is blowne by dalliance.*

In working his faire necke she did so grace it,
She still was working her owne armes t'imbrace it,
That, and his shoulders and his hands were seene,
About the streame, and with a pure Sea-greene

Hero and Leander.

She did so queintly shadow every lim,
All might be scene beneath the waues to swim.
In this conceited scarfe she wrought beside
A Moone in change, and shooting stars did glide,
In number after her with bloody beames,
Which figur'd her affects in their extreames.
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply:
For maids take more delight when they prepare
And think of wiues states, then when wiues they are
Beneath all these, she wrought a Fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth the Ocean,
Who drew so hard, yet might disloose well,
The toughned sinewes in his necke did swell,
His inward straines drue out his blood-shot eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise,
Yet was of nought, but of a Serpent sped,
That in his bosome flew, and stung him dead,
And this by fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by meere instinct of her intent.
At the Skarfes other end her hand did frame,
Neere the forke point of the diuided flame,
A Countrey Virgin keeping of a Vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Saures for the stubble-loving Grasshopper,
And by her lay her skrip that nourish her.
Within a mirtle shade she sat and sung,

And tufts of wavering reeds about her sprung,
 Where lurke two Foxes, that while she applide
 Her trifling snares their thicke coeries did diuide
 One to the Vine, another to her skrip,
 That she did negligently overslip,
 By vvhich her fruitfull vine, and vvholsome fare,
 She suffered spoild, to make a childish snare:
 These ominous fancies did her soule expresse,
 And every finger made a Propheteesse,
 To shew what death was hid in lones disguise,
 And make her iudgement conquer Destinies.
 O what sweet formes faire Ladies soules do shroud,
 Were they made seene & forced through their blood
 If through their beauties like rich work through lawn
 They would set forth their mindes with vertues
 In letting graces from their fingers fly, (drawn,
 To still their yas thoughtes with industry;
 That their plyed wits in numbred silkes must sing
 Passions huge conquest, and their needlesse leading
 Affection prisoner through their owne built Cities,
 Pinnion'd with Stories and Arachnean Ditties.

Proceed we now with *Heroes* sacrifice,
 She odours burnt, and from their smoke did rise
 Vnsauory fumes, that ayre with plagues inspired,
 And then the consecrated stickes she fired,
 On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
 And beat it downe still as it upward grew.

Hero and Leander

The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflam'd them, then they burn'd as blood;
All sad offents of that too meere sacrifice,
That made such moving beauties motionless;
Then *Hero* wept, but her affrighted eyes,
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for *Leanders* looks;
Searcht her soft bosome, and from thence she pluckt
His louely picture, which (when she had view'd)
Her beauties were with all loues ioyes renew'd;
The Odors sweetned, and the fires burn'd cleere,
Leanders forme left no ill obiekt there;
Such was his beauty, that the force of light,
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders infinite;
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had plac'd in it to make it known;
Art was her daughter, and what humane wisdom
For study lost, in tomb'd in drossie spirits;
After this accident (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history)
Th' inhabitants of *Sestos* and *Abidos*,
Did euery yeere with feasts propitious
To faire *Leanders* picture sacrifice;
And they were persons of especiall price,
That were allow'd it, as an ornament
To enrich their houses, for the continent
Of the strange vertues all approvd in hold,

For euen the very booke of it repeld
 All blappings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature,
 In those diseases that no herbes could cure
 The vwoolfe sting of anarice it vwould pull,
 And make the rankest Miser bountifull;
 It kild the feare of thunder, and of death,
 The discords that conceit ingendereth
 Twixt Man and Wife; it for the time would cease,
 The flames of loue it quencht, and would increase,
 Held in a Princes hand, it vwould put out
 The dreadful st Comet, it vwould end all doubt
 Of threatned mischiefes it vwould bring asleepe,
 Such as were mad, it would enforce to weepe
 Most barbarous eyes, and many more effects
 This picture vvrought, and sprung *Leanders* sects;
 Of vvhich vvas *Hero* first; For he vvhole forme
 (Held in her hand) cleer'd such a fatall storme,
 From hell she thought his person would defend her;
 Which night and *Hellespont* would quickly send her:
 With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite
 All thought of any cheeke to her delite;
 And in contempt of silly bashfulnesse
 She would the faith of her desires professe,
 Where her religion should be policy;
 To follow loue with zeale, her piety;
 Her Chamber her Cathedrall Church should be,
 And her *Leander* her chiefe deity.

For in her loue these did the gods forgoe,
 And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
 Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
 Did greatest hold in her selfe greatest part,
 That she did make her god, and 'twas lesse nought,
 To leaue gods in profession, and in thought,
 Than in her loue and life, for therein lies
 Most of her duties, and their dignities,
 And raile the braine-bald world at what it will,
 That's the grand Atheisme that raines in't still.
 Yet singularity she would vse no more,
 For she was singular too much before;
 But she would please the world with faire pretext,
 Loue would not leaue her conscience perplex,
 Great men that will haue lesse doe for them still,
 Must beare them out, though th' acts be nere so ill.
 Meannesle must Pander be to Excellence,
 Pleasure atones Falshood and Conscience,
 Dissembling was the worst (thought *Hero* then)
 And that was best, now she must liue with men.
 O vertuous loue that taught her to doe best,
 When she did worst, and when she thought her least.
 Thus would she still proceed in works diuine,
 And in her sacred state of priest-hood shine,
 Handling the holy rites, with hands as bold,
 As if therein she did some thunders hold,
 And need not feare th' omens of error,

Which

Which she at others thervvith greatest terrour.
O lovely *Hero*, nothing is thy sinne,
Waid with those foule faulks other Priests are in,
That hauing neith'r faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender any sense for stubberd duties,
With as much countenance fill their holy chaires,
And sweate denouncement 'gainst profane affaires,
As if their liues wvere cut out by their places,
And they the onely fathers of the graces.

Now as with settled minde she did repaire
Her thoughts to sacrifice, her raiisht haire
And her torne robe vvich on the Altar lay,
And onely for Religions fire did stay,
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a valley as the vvorld did threaten,
Giuen *Venus* as she parted th' ayry spheare,
Discending novv to chide vvith *Hero* here,
When suddenly the goddesse vvaggoners,
The Swans and Turtles that in coupled pheres,
Through all worlds bosomes draw her influence,
Lighted in *Hero's* vvindow, and from thence
To her faire shoulders flew the gentle doves,
Gracefull *Adone* that sweet pleasure lous,
And rus-soore *Chreste* vvith the tufted crowne,
Both vvich did kisse her, thohh their goddesse frown
The Swans did in the solid floud her glasse
Prone vp their plumes, of vvich the fairest was,

Hero and Leander.

None, but *Leander*, that pure brightnesse is,
The other bounty, louing *Daphnia*.
All were in heauen, now they with *Hero* were,
But *Venus* looke brough wrath, and vrged feare.
Her robe was skarlet, blacke her heads attire,
And through her naked brest shin'd streames of fire,
As when the rarefied aire is driuen
In flashing streames, and opes the darkned heauen.
In her white hand a wreathe of Yew she bore,
And breaking th' icie wreathe sweet *Hero* wore,
She forst about her browes her wreathe of Yew,
And said now minion, to thy fate be true,
Though not to me, indure what this portends,
Beginne where lightnesse will, in shame it ends.
Loue makes thee cunning, thou art currant now,
By being counterfayt, thy broken vow,
Deceit with her pyde garters must reioyne,
And with her stampe thou count'naices must coine
Coine, and impure deceits for purities,
And still a Maid will seeme in cobzened eyes,
And haue an anticke face to laugh withiny,
While thy smooth lookes makes men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips (lest thought forke worke) forswore,
Be neuer Virgins novv vwith trusting more
When Beauties dearest did her goddesse beare,
Breath such rebukes, gainst that she could not cleere,
Dumbe sorrow spake aloud in teares and blood,

That from her grieve burst veines in pittious flood,
 From the sweet conduits of her fauour fell,
 The gentle Turtles did with moanes make swell
 Their shining gorges, the white blacke-ey'd Swans
 Did sing as wofull Epicedians. (Queene,
 As they would straightwayes dye, when pitties
 The goddesse *Egle*, that had euer beene
 Hid in the watry cloud neere *Heroes* cries,
 Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
 Gaue bright *Leucote* voyce, and made her speake,
 To ease her anguish, whole swoln brest did breake:
 With anger at her goddesse, that did touch
Hero so neere, for that she vs'd so much
 And thrusting her white necke at *Venus*, said,
 Why may not amorous *Hero* seeme a Maid;
 Though she be none as well as you suppress,
 In modest cheekes, your inward wantonnesse?
 How often haue we drawne you from abouey
 The exchange with mortals, rites for rites in loue?
 Why in your Priest then call you that offence,
 That shines in you, and in your influence?
 With this the furies stop *Leucotes* lips,
 Enioyn'd by *Venus*, who with rellie whips
 Beat the kind Bird: Fierce lightning from her eyes
 Did set on fire faire *Heroes* sacrifice,
 Which was her torne robe, and inforced haire,
 And the bright flame became a Maid most faire

Hero and Leander. II

For her aspect, her tresses were of wire,
 Knit like a net, where hearts all set on fire,
 Struggled in pants, and could not get releas't,
 Her armes were all vvith golden pinsers dress't,
 And twenty fashion'd knots, pullies and brakes,
 And all her body girt vvith painted Snakes,
 Her downe parts in a Scorpions taile combin'd,
 Freckled vvith twenty colours, py'd vvings shin'd
 Out of her shoulders. Cloch had neuer dye,
 Nor sweeter colours neuer view'd eye,
 In scorching Turkey, Caras, Tartary,
 Then shin'd about this spirit notorious,
 Nor vvvas *Arachnes* vweb so glorious:
 Of lightning and of threds she vvvas begot,
 Moae hold in base dissemblers is there not.
 Her name vvvas *Bronusis*, *Venus* flow'd out sign on't
 From *Heroes* sight, and at her Chariot drew hom in't
 This vvondrous creature to so steepe a height,
 That all the world she might com'nd with flight
 Of her gay vvings, and then she had her haste,
 Since *Hero* had dissembled, and disgrac't confest
 Her rites so much, and euery brut infect
 VVith her deccits, she made her architect
 Of all dissimulation, and since then
 Neuer was any trust in maids or men.
 O're frighted
 Faire *Venus* heart to see her most delighted,
 And

And one she chus'd for tempter of her mind,
 To be the onely ruler of her kind,
 So soone to let her Virgin face be ended,
 Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
 But that in strife for chasteneffe with the Moone,
 Spitefull *Diana* bade her shew but one
 That was her seruant vowed and liu'd a Mayd,
 And now she thought to answer, that vpbraid:
Hero had lost her answer who knowes not
Venus would be sicke as farre from any spot
 Of light demeanour, as the very skin
 Twixt *Cynthia's* browes: sin is asham'd of sin.
 Vp *Venus* flew; and scarce durst vp for feare
 Of *Phaebes* laughter, when she past her sphere,
 And so most vgly clouded was the light,
 That day was hid in day, night came ere night
 And *Venus* could not through the thicke aire pierce,
 Till the dayes king, god of vndanted Verse,
 Because she was so plentifull a theame,
 To such as wore his Lawrell *Anademe*;
 Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
 And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
 That being not thoroughly rarify'd to raine,
 Melted like pitch as blew as any vaine,
 And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
 Vnder their feruor, and the world did thinke,
 In euery drop a torturing spirit flew,

Hero and Leander.

It pierst so deeply, and it burn'd so blue:
Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
Leanders picture as a Persian shield,
And she was free from feare of worst successe:
The more ill threats vs, we suspect the lesse.
As we grow hapless, violence subtile grows, (knows
Dumbe, deafe, and blinde, and comes when no man

The end of the fourth Sestiyad.



The Argument of the fifth

SESTIYAD.

Day doubles her accustomed date,
As loath the night, incens'd by fate,
Should wake our Lovers, Heroes plight
Longs for Leander and the night,
Which, ere her thirsty Wisth recovers:
She sends for two bewitched Lovers,
And marries them, that wish their crue
Their sports and ceremonies due
She covertly might celebrate,
With secret joy her owne estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wilde Nymph Teras, that still beares
An Ivory Lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings of solemn Festivals.

NOW was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leanders Ray.

Sol, and the soft-foot Hours hang on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms.
That day *Aurora* double grace obtain'd
Of her loue *Phabus*, she his horses rain'd
Set on his golden knee, and as she list,
She pul'd him backe, and as she pul'd, she kist,
To haue him turne to bed, he lou'd her more,
To see the loue *Leander*. Hero bore
Examples profit much, ten times in one,
In persons full of note good deeds are done.

Day was so long, men walking fell asleepe,
The heauy humors that their eyes did sleepe,
Made them feare mischiefs. The hard frosts were
For couetous Charles, and for ambitious heads,
That spight of Nature would their businesse ply,
All thought they had the falling *Epilepsie*,
Men ground for vpon the smothering ground,
And pite did the heart of heauen confound.
The gods, the graces, and the Muses moane
Downe to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true louers deaths, and all worlds teares,
But death before had stopp'd their cruel case.
All the Celestials parted mourning them,
Pierst with our humane caeries, more then men:
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischiefe fill,
But want of feeling one anothers ill.
With their descent the day grew something faine,

And cast a brighter robe vpon the ayre
 Hero to shorten time with merriment,
 For young *Almaine*, and bright *Mysene*,
 Two Lovers that had long crad marriage dued
 At *Heroes* hands, but she did full refuse
 For loudly *Mysa* was her confere vow'd
 In her maid state, and therefore not allow'd
 To amorous Nuptials: yet fate *Hero* now
 Intended to, dispense with her cold vow,
 Since hers was broken and to marry her
 The rites would pleasing matter minister
 To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
 They came, lovet amucke vnder sh. odorous way,
 And vntem ayre in roentie, sweet formes, danc
 After her fingers, beauty and lone aduanc
 Their Ensignes in the dory adde resit faces
 Of youths and maids, led aser by the Graces
 For all these *Hero* made a friendly feast
 Welcom'd them kindly, did much loue protest
 Winning their hearts with all the means she might
 That when her fault should chance abide the light
 Their loue might cover or extenuate is
 And high in her yworth face make pitee sit
 She married them, and as she banquet came
 Borne by the Virgins, *Hero* strid to frame
 Her thoughts to mirth. *Alcme*, but hard it is
 To imitate a false and forced blis

Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
 Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.
 Then laid she wine on cares to make them sinke;
Who feares the threats of fortune, let him drinke.
 To these quicke Nuptials entred suddenly,
 Admired *Teras*, with the Ebon Thye;
 A Nymph that haunted the Greene *Sestian* groues,
 And would consort lost Virgins in their loues.
 At gay some triumphs, and on solomne dayes,
 Singing prophetike Elegies and Layes:
 And fingring of a filuer Lute she tyde
 With blacke and purple skarfes by her left side.
Apollo gaue it, and her skill withall,
 And she was term'd his dwarfe she was so small,
 Yet great in vertue, for his beames inelos'd
 His vertues in her, neuer was propos'd
 Riddle to her, or augury strange or new,
 But she resolvd it, neuer slight tale flew
 From her charmd lips, without important sence,
 Shew'n in some graue succeeding consequence.

This little *Sithiane* with her songs and tales,
 Gaue such estate to Feasts and Nuptials;
 That though oft times she fore-went Tragedies,
 Yet for her strangeness still she pleas'd her eyes,
 And for her smalnesse they admir'd her so,
 They thought her perfect borne, & could not grow
 All eyes were on her; *Hero* did command

Hero and Leander.

An Altar deckt with sacred state should stand
At the Feasts yppen end, close by the Bride,
On which the pretty Nymph might sit beside.
Then all were silent, every one so heares,
As all their senses climb'd into their eares,
And first this amorous tale that fitted well,
Faيرة Hero and the nuptials she did tell.

The Tale of Teras.

Hymen that now is God of Nuptiall rites,
And crownes with honour Love and his delights,
Of Athens was a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the Female race,
Such quickning brightnesse did his cleere eyes dart,
Warmed went their beames to his beholders heart.
In such pure leagues his beauties were combin'd,
That there your Nuptiall contracts were first sign'd
For as proportion white and crimson meeet
In beauties mixture, all right cleere and sweet,
The eye responsible, the golden haire,
And none is held without the other, faire;
All spring together, all together fade
Such intermixt affection should invade
Two perfect Lovers, which being yet unscorn'd
Their vertues and their comforts coppied beere,
In beauties concord, subiect to the eye,
And that in Hymen, pleas'd so matchlesly,
That Lovers were esteem'd in their full grace.

Like

Hero and Leander.

Like forme and colour mixt in *Hymens* face,
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, musicke, feasts, and greatest men;
So *Hymen* lookt, that even the chasteſt mind,
He mou'd to ioyne in ioyes of ſacred kind,
For onely now his chaine firſt down conſorted
His head rich fleece in golden curls contorted,
And as he was ſo lou'd, he lou'd ſo too:
So ſhould beſt beauties, bound by Nuptials doo.
Bright *Eucharis*, who was by all men ſaid,
The nobleſt, faireſt, and the richeſt Mayd
Of all th' *Athenian* damſels, *Hymen* lou'd
With ſuch tranſmiſſion, that his heart remou'd
From his white breſt to hers, but her eſtate
In paſſing his, was ſo interminate
For wealth and honour, that his lone duſt feede
On nought but ſight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requitall, the grand prize of loue,
Nor could he heare or ſee, but he muſt proue,
How his rare beauties musicke would agree
With Maids in conſort, therefore robbed he
His chin of thoſe ſame ſew firſt fruits it bore;
And clad in ſuch attire as Virgins were;
He kept them company, and might right well,
For he did all but *Eucharis* excell
In all the faire of beauty, yet he wanted
Vertue to make his owne deſires implanted,

In his deare *Eucaris*, for women neuer
 Loue beauty in their Sexe, but enuy euery
 His iudgement yet (that durst not suit adresse,
 Nor past due meanes, presume of due successe)
 Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed
 To his best preies, but strange it seem'd indeed,
 That Fortune should, a chaste affection blessed
Preferment seldome graceth bashfulnesse.
 Nor grac'd it *Hymen* yet, but many a dart bloudie
 And many an amorous thought inthrall'd his heart,
 Ere he obtain'd her, and he sicke became,
 Forc'd to abstaine her sight, and then the flame
 Rag'd in her bosome. O what griefe did fill him!
 Sight made him sicke, and want of sight did kill him.
 The Virgins wondred where *Dietia* stayd,
 For so did *Hymen* terme him selfe a Mayd.
 At length, with sickly lookes he greeted them,
 'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme streame,
 A Louer strides, poore *Hymen* look'd so ill,
 That as in merit he increased still,
 By suffering much, so he in grace doo'd,
 Women are most wonne, when men meritt least:
 If merit looke not well, loue bids stand by;
 Loues speciall lesson is to please the eye:
 And *Hymen* soone recovering all he lost,
 Deceiuing still these Maids, but himselfe most.
 His Loue and he with many Virgin Damer,

Hero and Leander.

Noble by birth, noble by beauties flames,
Leaving the towne with songs and hallow'd lights,
To doe great *Ceres Eleusina* rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a pray
To barbarous Rovers that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforc't their shining spoyle,
Farre from the darkned City tir'd with toyle.
And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trouping forth, iealous of cruelty,
To their bright fellowes of this vnder heaven,
Into a double night they saw them driuen,
A horrid Caue, the theetes black mansion,
Where weary of the iourney they had gone, (gaines,
Their last nights watch, and drunk with their sweet
Dull *Morpheus* entred, laden with silke chaines,
Stronger then iron, and bound their swelling yaines,
And tired senses of these lawlesse Swaines :
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burn'd;
O what a hell was heauen in? how they mourn'd
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle
Into the shapes of sorrow? golden stormes (formes
Fell from their eies : as when the sunne appears
And yet it raines, so shew'd their eies their teares.
And as when funerall Dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What paines he felt, how long in paine he lay,
How little food he ate, what he would say;

Hero and Leander.

And then mixe mournfull tales of others deathes,
Smoth'ring theselues in clouds of their own breaths:
At length, one cheering other, call for wine,
The golden bowle drinckes teares out of their eyne,
As they drinke wine from it, and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieue their vwoes:
So cast these Virgins beauties mortall rayes,
One lights another, face the face displays,
Lips by reflexion kist, and hands hands shooke,
Euen by the vwhitenesse each of other tooke.

But *Hymen* now vs'd friendly *Morphews* ayd,
Slue euery thiefe, and rescu'd euery Maid:
And novv did his enamour'd passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous *Eucharis* more strong,
And now came *Loue* vvith *Proteus*, vvho had long
Iuggl'd the little god vvith prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win *Loues* stay with him, & make him loue him:
And when he saw no strength of sleight could moue
To make him lone, or stay, he nimble turn'd (him,
Into *Loues* selfe, he so extremly burn'd.
And thus came *Loue* vvith *Proteus*, and his pow'r,
T'encounter *Eucharis*, first, like the flowre,
That *Iuno*s milke did spring the siluer Lilly,
He fell on *Hymens* hand, vvho straight did spy
The bounteous godhead, and vvith vvondrous ioy

Offered

Hero and Leander.

Offered in *Eucharis*. She wondrous coy, 15
Drew backe her hand, the subtil flower did vwoo it,
And drawing it neere, mixt so you could not know it.
As two cleere tapers mixe in one their light,
So did the Lilly and the hand their white,
She view'd it, and her view the forme bestovves
Amongst her spirits, for as colour flowes
From superficies of each thing vve see,
Euen so vvith colours formes emitted be,
And where Loues forme is, loue is, loue is forme :
He entred at the eye his sacred forme
Rose from the hand, loues sweetest instrument.
It stir'd her bloods sea so, that high it vvent,
And beat in bashfull waues 'gainst the white shore
Of her diuided cheekes, it rag'd the more,
Because their tide vvent 'gainst the haughty vvind
Of her estate and birth, and as vve find
In fainting ebs, the flowry Zephire hurles.
The green hair'd *Hellepont*, broke in siluer curles
'Gainst Heroes towre, but in his blasts retreat,
The waues obeying him, they after beat,
Leauing the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale
So ebb'd and flow'd in *Eucharis* face,
Coynesse and Loue striu'd which had greatest grace,
Virginitie did fight on Coynesse side,
Feare of her Parents frownes, and femall pride,

Nothing the lower place more then it loues
The high contents, desert and vertue moues.
With loue fought *Hymens* beauty and his valure,
Which scarce could so much valure yet allure
To come to strike, but famelesse idle blood.

Action is fiery valours soueraigne good.
But loue once entred, wisht no greater ayd,
Then he could find within, thought, thought betraid
The brib'd, but incorrupted garrison,
Sung *Io. Hymen*, there those songs begun,
And Loue was growne so rich with such a gaine,
And vvanton with the ease of his free raigne,
That he would turne into her roughest frownes
To turne them out, and thus he *Hymen* crownes
King of his thoughtes, mans greatest Empery:
This was his first braue step to deity.

Home to the mourning City they repaire,
VWith newes as vyhol some as the morning ayre,
To the sad Parents of each saued Maid,
But *Hymen* and his *Eucharis* had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the Moone at full, and full as bright.

Because the Parents of chaste *Eucharis*
Exceeding *Hymens* so, might crosse their blisse,
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot asist vyth force, so vwhen they saw
Their Daughter safe, take vantage of their ovne,

Praise *Hymens* valour much, nothing bestowne,
Hymen must leaue the Virgins in a groue
 Farre off from *Athens*, and goe first to proae
 If to restore them all with fame and life,
 He should enioy his dearest as his wife.
 This told to all the maids, the most agree,
 The riper sort knowing what 't is to bee
 The first mouth of a newes so farre deriu'd,
 And that to heare and beare newes braue folke liu'd,
 As being a carriage speciall hard to beare
 Occurrents, these occurrents being so deare;
 They did with grace p'tect, they were content
 T'accost their friends with all their complement
 For *Hymens* good, but to incurre their harme,
 There he must pardon them. This wit went warme,
 To *Adoleshes* braine, a Nymph borne hie,
 Made all of voice and fire, that vpwards flie,
 Her heart and all her forces neither traine,
 Climb'd to her tongue, and thither fell her braine,
 Since it could goe no higher, and it must goe,
 All powvers she had, euen her tongue did so,
 In spirit and quicknesse she much ioy did take,
 And lou'd her tongue, onely for quicknesse sake,
 And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay,
Hymen goes on, the Nymph another way:
 And what became of her Ile tell at last,
 Yet take her visage now, moist lipt, long fac'd,

Thin like an yron wedge, so sharpe and tart,
 As 'twere of purpose made to cleaue Loues heart.
 Well were this lonely beauty rid of her,
 And *Hymen* did at *Athens* now prefer
 His welcome suit, vvhich he vvith ioy aspir'd,
 A hundred princely youths with him retir'd
 To fetch the Nymphs, Chariots and musicke vvent;
 And home they came, heauen with applauses rent.
 The Nuptials straight proceed, vvholes all the towne,
 Fresh in their ioyes, might doe them most renoune.
 First gold-lockt *Hymen* did to Church repaire,
 Like a quicke offering burnd in flames of haire;
 And after vvith a Virgin firmament,
 The godhead-prouing Bride, attended vvent
 Before them, she lookt in her command;
 As if forme-giuing *Cyprias* silver hand
 Grip'd all their beauties, and crush't out one flame:
 Shee blusht to see how beauty ouercame
 The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
 Fiue louely children, deckt vvith ornament
 Of her sweet colours, bearing *Torches* by,
 For light vvas held a happy augury
 Of generation, whose efficient right,
 Is nothing else but to produce to light
 The od disparent number, they did chuse
 To shew the yunion married loues should vse,
 Since in two equall parts it will not seuer,

But the middle holds one to reioyne it euer,
 As common to both parts: men therefore deeme,
 That equall number gods do not esteeme,
 Being authors of sweet peace and vniity,
 But pleasing to th' infernall Empery;
 Vnder vyhose ensignes Wars and discords fight,
 Since an euen number you may dis-vnite
 In two parts equall, nought in middle left,
 To re-vnite each part from other rest:
 And fwe they hold in most especiall price,
 Since 'tis the first odde number that doth rise
 From the two soermost numbers vniity
 That od and euen are, which two and three,
 For one no number is, but thence doth flow
 The powerfull race of number. Next did goe
 A noble Matron, that did spinning beare
 A Huswifes rocke and spindle, and did vweare
 A Weathers skin, with all the snowvy fleece,
 To intimate, that euen the dainiest peece,
 And noblest borne dame should industrious be.
 That which does good, disgraceth in no degree.

And now to *How* temple they are come,
 Where her graue Priest stood in the mariage roome:
 On his right hand did hang a skarlet vaile,
 And from his shoulders to the ground did traile
 On either side, ribands of vvhite and blue,
 With the red vaile he hid the bashfull hue

Here and Leander.

Of the chaste Bride, to show the modest shame;
In coupling with a man should grace a Dame;
Then took he the disparent filkes, and side by side
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that hereafter they must binde
In one selfe-sacred knot each others minde;
Before them on an Altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate euery humane creature,
And euery other birth produc'd by nature,
Moisture and heate must mix, so Man and Wife
For humane race must ioyne in nuptiall life.
The one of *Iunoes* birds the painted lay
He sacrific'd, and took the gall away;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In signe no hate of bitterness should grow.
'Twixt married loues nor any least dislike,
Nothing they take, for 'twas esteem'd too plaine;
For the most filken mildness of a Maid,
To let a publick audience heare it said,
She boldly took the man; and so respect
Was bashfullnesse in *Arbels*, were not
To chaste *Agnes*; which is Chastity,
A sacred Temple, holding her a goddesse;
And now to Feasts, Masks, and triumphant shewes,
The shining troupes return'd, euen till earth throwes
Brought forth with ioy the thickest part of night,

Hero and Leander.

When the sweet Nuptiall song that vs'd to cide
All to their rest, was by *Phemonor* sung,
First *Delphic* Prophetesse, whose graces spring
Out of the *Muses*, well she sung before
The Bride into her Chamber, at which dore,
A Matron and a Torch-bearer did stand,
A painted box of Confits in her hand,
The Matron held, and so did other some
That compass round the honoured Nuptiall roome
The custome was, that euery Maid did weare;
During her maiden-head, a silken sphere,
About her waste; about her inmost weed,
Knit with *Mineruas* knot, and that was freed
By the faire Bridegroom on the marriage night;
With many Ceremonies of delight,
And yet eterniz'd *Hymens* tender Bride,
To suffer it dissolu'd so sweetly cride.
The Maids that heard, so lou'd and did adore her,
They wisht with all their hearts, to suffer for her,
So had the Matrons that with Confits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmelesse paines?
That euery one a showre of Confits rained.
For which the Bride youths scrabbling on the ground
In noise of that sweet haile their cries were drown'd
And thus blest *Hymen* ioy'd his gracious Bride,
And for his ioy was after deicide.

Hero and Leander.

The Saffron mirror by which *Phaebus* loue,
Greene *Tellus* decks her, now he held aboue
The cloudy Mountaines, and the noble Mayd,
Sharpe visag'd *Adolesche*, that vvas strayd
Out of her way in hasting vvith her newes,
Not till his houre th' *Athenian* terrèts viewes;
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be stale;
And how faire *Hymens* honours did excell
For those rare newes, which she came short to tell;
To heare her deare tongue rob'd of such a ioy,
Made the well-spoken Nymph take such a toy,
That downe she sunke, when lightning from aboue,
Shrunke her leane body, and for meere free loue,
Turn'd her into the pyed plum'd *Psittacus*,
That now the Parrat is surnam'd by vs;
Who still with counterfait confusion prates,
Nought but newes cōmon to the common'st mates.
This told, strange *Teras* toucht her Lute and sung
This ditty, that the torchy euening sprung.

Epithalmion Teratos.

Come, come deare night, loues Mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitfull summer of his blisses
Loues glory doth in darknesse shine.
O come soft rest of Cares, come night;

Hero and Leander.

Come naked vertues onely tire,
That reapeſt harueſt of the light,
Bound vp in ſheaues of ſacred fire.

Loue calſ to warre,

Sight his alarmer,

Lips his ſwords are,

The field his armes.

Come night and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious dayes outſacing face,
And all thy crowned flames command
For torches to our Nuptiall grace.

Loue calſ to warre,

Sight his alarmer,

Lips his ſwords are,

The field his armes,

No need haue we of ſaucious Day!
To caſt in enny of thy peace,
Herbals of Diſcord in thy way,
Her beauties day doth neuer ceaſe;
Day is obſtracted heare,
And varied in a triple ſphere.

Hero, ſilmaine, Mya ſo outſhine thee,
Bre thou come heare, let *Thetis* thrice refine thee.

Loue calſ to warre,

Sight his alarmer,

Lips his ſwords are,

The field his armes.

The euening starre I see,
 Rise, youths, the euening starre
 Helpes loue to summon warre,
 Both now imbracing be.

Rise, youths, loues right claimes more then bankets,
 Now the bright Marigolds that decke the skies,
 Phæbus celestiall flowers, that (contrary to the sun)

To his flowers here) open when he shuts his eye,
 And shut when he doth open, grow to your sport,
 Now loue in night, and night in loue exerts his ba
 Courtship and dances: all your past employ

And fute nights rich expanse with your ioy,
 Loue paints his longings in sweete virgins eyes,
 Rise, youths, loues rite claimes more then bankets,

Rise Virgins, let faire Nuptiall loues in fold
 Your fruitlesse breasts, the mother heads, your loch
 Are not your owne alone, but part of your

Part in disposing them, your parents, and
 And that a third part is, for must ye saue,
 Your loue's a third, and you your third must haue.

Loue paints his longings in sweete Virgins eyes,
 Rise, youths, loues right claimes more then bankets,

Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
 To Teras haire, and comb'd it downe with wind,
 Still as it Comet-like brake from her braine,
 Would needs haue Teras gone, and did refrain
 To blow it downe, which starting would haue

The timorous feast, and she no longer stayd,
But bowing to the Bridegroom and the Bride,
Did like a shooting exhalation glide
Out of their sights, the turning of her backe
Made them all shricke, it lookt so gastly blacke,
O haplesse Hero, that most haplesse cloud,
Thy soone succeeding Tragedy foreshew'd:
Thus all the Nuptiall crue to ioyes depart,
But much wrong'd Hero stood hels blackest darr,
Whose wound because I griene so to display,
Its digressions thus increase the day.

The ende of the fifth Sestiad.



The Argument of the sixth

SESTIAD.

Leucote flies to all the Windes,
And from the fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her loue may meet,
Leander with Loues compleat fleet
Mand in him (selfe) putt forth to Seas
When straight the ruthlesse Destinies,
With Art doe stir the winds to warre
Vpon the Hellespont: their iarres
Drowne next Leander. Heroes eyes
Wet witnesses of his surpris,
Her Torch blowne out: Griefe casts her downe
Vpon her Loue, and both doth drowne,

Hero and Leander.

In whose iust rush the god of Seas
Transformes them to th' Acanthides,

NO longer could the day nor Destinies
Delay the night, who now did frowning rise,
Into her throne, and at her humorous breasts,
Visions and dreames lay sucking, all mens rests
Fell like the mists of death yppon their eyes,
Dayes too long darts so kild their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowres, to cease began,
For bright *Leucate*, *Venus* whitest Swan,
That held sweet *Hero* deare, spread her faire wings,
Like to a field of snow and message brings
From *Venus* to the fates, t' intreat them lay
Their charge vpon the winds their rage to stay,
That the flearne battell of the Seas might cease,
And guard *Leander* to his loue in peace
The Fates consent (aye me dissembling Fates)
They shewd their fauours to conceale their hates,
And draw *Leander* on, lest Seas too hie
Should stay his too obsequious Destiny,
Who like a fleeting flauish parasite,
In warping profit or a trayterous height,
Hoopes round his rotten body with deuotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes,
Praising with open throat (and oathes as fowle
As his false heart) the beauty of an Owle,
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,

Hero and Leander.

That cannot leaue, but leapes vpon his lips,
Like a Cöcke-sparrow, or a shamelesse queane,
Sharpe at a red-lipt youth, and nought doth meane
Of all his anticke shewes, but doth repaire
More tender fawnes, and takes a scattered haire
From his tame subjects shoulder, w^hips and cals
For euery thing he lackes; creepes against the wals
With backward humblenesse, to giue needlesse way:
Thus his false fate did with *Leander* play.
First to blake *Eurus* flies the white *Leucote*,
Borne 'mongst the Negros in the Leuant Sea,
On whose curl'd head the glowing Sun doth rise,
And shewes the soueraigne will of Destinies,
To haue him cease his blasts, and downe he lyes.
Next to the fenny *Notus*, course she holds,
And found him leaning with his armes in folds
Vpon a Rocke, his white haire full of showres,
And him she chargeth by the fatall powres,
To hold in his wet cheekes his cloudy voice,
To *Zephire* then that doth in showres reioyce,
To snake foot *Boreas* next she did remoue,
And found him tossing of his rauisht loue,
To heate his frosty bolome hid in snow,
Who with *Leucotes* sight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to *Heroes* hearts desire,
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire
Of flaming gummes, and comfortable spice,

Hero and Leander.

To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to *Leander's* sight,
That nought but fires perfum'd must giue it light.
She lou'd it so, she grieu'd to see it burne,
Since it would waste, and soone to ashes turne,
Yet if it burn'd not, 'twere not vworth her eyes;
What made it nothing, gaue it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glasse of our societie,
What man does good, but he consumes thereby.
But thou wert lou'd for good, held high, giuen show,
Poore vertue loth'd for good, obscur'd held low.
Doe good, be pin'd, be deedelesse good disgrast,
Vnlesse we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet *Hero* with these thoughts her torch did spend;
When Bees make waxe, Nature doth not intend
I should be made a torch, but we that know
The proper vertue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did nature
Propose one life to Maides, but each such creature
Makes by her soule the best of her true state.
Which without loue is rude, discomolate,
And wants loues fire to make it milde and bright,
Till when, Maides are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grieve, not cause of grieve wee fight,
The right of nought is gleand, but the delight.
Vp went she, but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.

Hero and Leander.

She was the rule of wishes, summe and end,
For all the parts that did on loue depend,
Yet cast the torch his brightnesse further forth,
But what shines neereſt beſt, holds trueſt worth.

Leander did not through ſuch tempeſts ſwim

To kiſſe the torch, although it lighted him:

But all his powers in her deſires awaked,

Her loue and vertues cloth'd him richly naked,

Men kiſſe but fire that onely ſheewes purſue,

Her torch and *Hero*, figure, ſheew and verue.

Now at oppoſ'd *Abydus* nought was heard,

But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,

Slaine for the Nuptials, crakes of falling woods,

Blowes of broad axes, powrings out of floods.

The guilty *Helleſpont* was mixt and ſtain'd

With bloody torrent, that the ſhambles rain'd,

Not arguments of feaſt, but ſheewes that bled,

Foretelling that red night that followed.

More bloud was ſpilt, more honors were addreſt,

Then could haue graced any happy feaſt.

Rich banquets, triumphs, euery pompe imployes

His ſumptuous hand, no Miſers Nuptiall ioyes.

Aire felt continuall thunder with the noiſe,

Made in the generall marriage violence,

And no man knew the cauſe of his expence,

But the two hapleſſe Lords, *Leanders* Sire,

And poore *Leander*, pooreſt where the fire

Hero and Leander.

Of credulous loue made him most rich surmis'd,
As short vvas he of that himselfe surpris'd:
As in an empty Gallant full of forme,
That thinks each looke an act, each drop a storme,
That fals frō his braue breathings, most brought vp
In our *Metropolis*, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts, and much *Palme* beares;
For his rare iudgement in th' attire he vveares,
Hath scene the hot *Low-Countries*, nor their heat,
Obserues their rampires and their buildings yet,
And for your sweet discourse with mouth is heard,
Giuing instructions with his very beard,
Hath gone with an *Ambassador*, and been
A great mans mate, in trauelling, euen to *Rhene*,
And then puts all his worth in such a face,
As he saw braue men make, and strives for grace
To get his newes forth, as vwhen you descry
A Ship vwith all her sayle contends to fly
Out of the narrow *Thames* vwith vvinde vnapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this vway rapt,
And then hath one point reacht, then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall,
Of halfe a *Burd-bolts* shoote, keeping more coile,
Then if she danc't vpon the *Oceans* toyle:
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling Ship of vacantrie.
And so short of himselfe in his high thought,

Was our *Leander* in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of loue that he thought won,
But otherwise he scornes comparison.

O sweet *Leander*, thy large worth I hide
In a short graue, ill-fauor'd stormes must chide
Thy sacred fauour: I, in fouds of inke,
Must drawn thy graces which white papers drinke,
Euen as thy beauties did the foule blacke seas,
I must describe the hell of thy disease,
That heauen did merit, yet I needs must see
Our painted fooles and cockehorse peggantry,
Still still vsurpe, with long liues, loues and lust,
The seats of vertue, cutting short as dust
Her deare brought issue, ill to worse conuerts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.

Night close and silent now goes fast before
The *Captaines* and the *Souldiers* to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At *Seftus* bay, that should *Leander* meet,
Who fain'd he in another Ship would passe,
Which must not be, for no one meant there was
To get his loue home but the course he rooke.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty looke,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the Sunne a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that traditions force,
That sayes a god sits there, and guides his course.

Hero and Leander.

His sister was vvith him, to whom he shewed
His guide by Sea, and said; Oft haue you viewed
In one heauen many starres, but neuer yet
In one starre many heauens till now were met.
See lonely sister, see, now *Hero* shines;
No heauen but hers appears; each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mournd
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth vertues traine,
Still to be constant in hels blackest raigne,
Though euen the gods themselues doe so intreat
As they did hate, and earth as she would eate them.
Off went his silke robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waues so licorously cleapt,
Thickning for haste one in another so,
To kisse his skine, that he might almost goe
To *Heroes* tower, had that kinde minute lasted,
But now the cruell fates with *Ate* hastened
To all the windes, and made them battle fight
Vpon the *Helle-spont*; for eithers right,
Pretended to the windy Monarchy,
And forth they brake, the Seas mixt with the skie
And tost distressed *Leander*, being in hell,
As high as heauen: Blisse not in height doth dwell,
The Destinies fate dancing on the waues,
To see the glorious vvinds vvith mutuall braves
Consume each other. O true glasse to see,

Hero and Leander.

How ruinous ambitious Statists be
To their owne glories: poore *Leander* cryed
For helpe to sea-borne *Venus*, she denied —
To *Boreas*, that for his *Attheas* sake,
He would some pitie on his *Hero* take;
And for his owne loues sake on his desires:
But glory neuer blowes cold pitties fires.
Then call'd he *Neptune*, who through all the noyse
Knew vvith affright his wrackt *Leanders* voice,
And vp he rose: for hast his forehead hit (smit
'Gainst heauens hard Crystall, his proud vvaues hee
With his fork't scepter, that could not obey,
Much greater powers thē *Neptunes* gaue them sway,
They lou'd *Leander* so, in grones they brake
When they came neere him, and such space did take
Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrowes earth was shewne,
And the poore Louer tooke a little breath,
But the curst fates fate spinning of his death
On euery waue, and with the seruile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now *Hero* findes
By that she felt her deare *Leanders* state;
She vvept, and prayed for him to euery fate,
And euery vvind that vvhipt her vvith her haire
About the face, she kist, and spake it faire,
Kneeld to it, gaue it drinke out of her eyes
To quench his thirst, but still their cruelties.

Hero and Leander.

Euen her poore Torch enuied, and rudely beate,
The bating flame from that deare food it eate,
Deare, for it nourisht her *Leanders* life,
Which with her robe she rescu'd from their strife,
But silke too soft was, such hard hearts to breake,
And she, deare soule, euen as her silke, faint weake,
Could not preferue it out: O out it went.

Leander still call'd *Neptune*, that now rent
His brakish curles, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where teares in billowes did each other chase,
And (burst with ruth) hee hurld his marble mace,
At the sterne Fates, it wounded *Lachesis*,
That drev *Leanders* thread, and could not misse
The thread it selfe, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full and quite did sunder it.

The more kind *Neptune* rag'd, the more he rac'd
His loues liues fort, and kil'd as he embrac'd;
Anger doth still his owne mis-hap encrease:
If any comfort liue, it is in peace.

O theeuish Fates, to let Bloud, Flesh and Sence,
Build two faire Temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poisoned influence.
Though soules gifts sterue, the bodies are held deare
In vglyest things, Sense sport preserues a Beare.
But here nought serues our turnes: O heauen & earth
How most most wretched i our humane birth?
And now did all the tyrannous crue depart,

Hero and Leander.

Knowing there vvas a storme in *Heroes* heart,
Greater then they could make, & skorn'd their smart.
She bowed her selfe so low out of her towre,
That vvonder 'twas she fell not ere her houre,
With searching the lamenting waues for him,
Like a poore Snaile, her gentle supple lim
Hung on her turrets top so most downe right,
As she would diue beneath the darknesse quite,
To finde her *Lewell*, *Lewell*, her *Leander*,
A name of all earths iewels pleas'd not her
Like his deare name, *Leander* still my choise:
Come nought but my *Leander*: O my voice
Turne to *Leander*, henceforth be all sounds
Accents and phrases, that shevv all griefes vvounds,
Analy'd in *Leander*. O blacke change:
Trumpets, do you vvith thunder of your change,
Drive out this changes horror, my voice faints,
Where all ioy vvas, novv shricke out all complaints.
Thus cryed she for her mixt soule could tell
Her loue vvas dead: And vvhen the morning fell,
Prostrate vpon the vveeping earth for vvoe,
Blushes that bled out of her cheekes did shovv,
Leander brought by *Neptune* brus'd and torne
With Cities ruines, he to rocks had vvorne,
To filthy vsuring rockes that vvould haue blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much much more,

Then might haue seru'd to kill her, should her store
Of gyant sorrowes speake? burst, dye, bleed,
And leaue poore plants to vs that shall succeed:
She fell on her Loues bosome, hugg'd it fast.
And vvith *Leanders* name she breath'd her last.

Neptune for pittie in his armes did take them,
Flung them in the ayre and did awake them.
Like two sweet birds, surnam'd th' *Acanthides*,
Which we call Thistle-warps, that neere no seas
Dare euer come, but still in couples flie,
And feed on thistle tops, to testifie
The hardnes of their first life in their last:
The first in thornes of loue that sorrowes past,
And so most beautifull their colours show,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
A sable veluet feather couers quite:
Euen like the forehead cloth that in the night,
Or vvhen they sorrow, Ladies vs'd to weare
Their wings blue, red and yellow mixt appeare,
Colours that as we construe colours paint.
Their states to life, the yellow shewes their saint,
The dainty *Venus* left them blue, their truth,
Their red and blacke ensignes of death and ruth.
And thus true honour from their loue-death sprung.
They were the first that euer Poet sung.

